

Catholic Digest

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

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THIS day the spotless Virgin, who was defiled with no earthly sensuality, but trained to thoughts of heaven, returned not to dust, but, being herself a living heaven, took her place in the heavenly mansions. For from her the true life had flowed for all men.

Matins of the Assumption.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: And now, brethren, all that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts.



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AUGUST, 1947

International correspondence

The Pope and President Roosevelt

By MYRON C. TAYLOR

Condensed from a book*



IN HIS efforts for world peace, President Roosevelt was always conscious of the fundamental strength of moral and spiritual forces. Franklin D. Roosevelt hoped for a world order built upon firm moral and political foundations, upon the principle of the Good Neighbor, upon economic progress and social justice, upon the essential human freedoms, and upon respect for the dignity of the human soul. As the moral and political bulwarks of world peace collapsed one by one in the late 30's, he sought to stay the hands raised against peace and to clarify the perils which were threatening.

The outbreak of war in Europe put an end to his efforts for peace. It became necessary for our own country to build its own defense in the face of emerging dangers. It also became im-

perative for us to prevent, if possible, the spread of war; to explore all possibilities of bringing the war to a quick and just conclusion; to assuage human suffering; and to lay the foundations for a better world after the termination of the conflict. It was to these great tasks of self-defense, of humanity, and of peace that President Roosevelt turned his attention after Hitler's mechanized forces hurled themselves upon Poland September 1, 1939.

The President was convinced that a closer association in all parts of the free world between those in government and those in religion who shared common ideals was essential. Accordingly, on December 23, 1939, in messages to leaders of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish faiths, he proposed that political and religious forces undertake to re-enforce by direct discus-

*War-time Correspondence Between President Roosevelt and Pope Pius XII. 1947. Macmillan Co., 60 5th Ave., New York City, 11. 127 pp. \$2.50.

sions their respective endeavors for peace and the alleviation of human suffering.

In letters addressed to His Holiness Pope Pius XII, to the President of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, Dr. George A. Buttrick, and to the President of the Jewish Theological Seminary of America, Rabbi Cyrus Adler, the President expressed his deep hope "that all of the churches of the world which believe in a common God will throw the great weight of their influence into this great cause." He invited the leaders of the Protestant and Jewish faiths resident in the U. S. to come to Washington from time to time to discuss problems with him personally. To His Holiness in Rome, with whom personal exchanges of views were possible only through correspondence and a trusted intermediary, he suggested sending a personal representative.

The letters met with immediate and cordial acceptance by the leaders of the three faiths, and the ensuing years witnessed a mobilization of the moral and spiritual forces of mankind on a scale never before seen in history. This glorious effort will ever be a monument to the memory of President Roosevelt.

It was my great privilege and honor to have been chosen as the President's personal representative to the Pope. When the President telephoned on the evening of December 22, 1939, to ask me to undertake the task, I was serving as his personal representative on the Intergovernmental Committee on

Political Refugees, where I had been in touch with the Vatican.

On the morning of December 23 I undertook to carry out the new mission to the best of my ability, and to leave for Rome as soon as health permitted. His Holiness conveyed to the President his agreeability to my appointment, by the Apostolic Delegate in Washington, Archbishop Cicognani, through the services of Archbishop Spellman. His Holiness wrote personally to the President on January 7, 1940, responding with appreciation to all of the President's suggestions.

His Holiness was not a stranger to the President, nor to me. In the autumn of 1936, Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli, who three years later was elected Pope and who was then Secretary of State under Pope Pius XI, had visited the U. S. and had talked with the President at Hyde Park. The basis of their mutual respect was laid and their mutual appreciation of each other's qualities of leadership was begun in those talks. During the same trip Cardinal Pacelli had been a guest in my home in New York. The President had visited Italy, and I had frequently spent brief periods of time there, particularly in Florence, where I had maintained a home for many years. Most fortunate conditions for readily undertaking personal discussions accordingly existed at the very beginning of the exchange of views between the President and the Pope. While both the President and I were of Episcopalian faith, we, with America as a whole, regarded the cause of peace and

the amelioration of human distress during the war as in no sense either sectarian or partisan, but instead as universal to all men seeking the well-being of mankind in a peaceful world under moral law.

The President asked me, just before my departure for Rome on February 16, to undertake discussions especially of four bases of peace which he had been turning over in his mind. These were freedom of religion, freedom of communication of news and knowledge, reduction of armaments, and freedom of trade between nations. Estimates concerning a possible early ending of the war were to be explored in all quarters with which I would come in touch. I carried with me for His Holiness a letter of credence, dated February 14, in which the President laid stress upon his hope that through parallel endeavors "the common ideals of religion and of humanity itself can have united expression for the re-establishment of a more permanent peace." His Holiness received me on February 27, and asked me to convey his warmest personal regards to President Roosevelt. Thus began the first of seven visits. Two were as brief as one or two weeks. Four were as long as a month or longer. One was a year in duration.

It was necessary promptly to organize a small office. Although the President had conferred on me the honorary rank of ambassador, he desired to distinguish all aspects of my office from those of a diplomatic embassy. He desired to make clear that the personal

representative's mission was to His Holiness personally rather than to the Vatican as such. The office, therefore, was established in my own apartment in Rome, and continued there excepting during the emergency period while Italy was at war with the U. S., which temporarily required its location in Vatican City.

In the first audience, His Holiness extended to me a gracious invitation to call without formal appointment. In view of the vast and complex problems, discussions between us were held frequently throughout the periods of my various visits to Rome. To this may be attributed the mutual understanding which gradually resulted and which gratified equally President Roosevelt and His Holiness.

President Roosevelt and Pope Pius XII carried on their parallel endeavors for more than five years, which all but covered the entire span of the most deadly attack on the foundations of Christian civilization and the most exhausting strife in mankind's annals.

For "this great cause", President Roosevelt had striven with all his life's strength. The co-work between him and Pope Pius XII and others in the spiritual and humanitarian spheres was a manifestation of his inspired efforts to give to the world's moral forces, during these years of fateful crisis, unity of goal and plan, leadership in concerting their influence, encouragement for their humanitarian services to alleviate suffering, and common expression of their hopes and purposes in the future decisions as to the

peace and welfare of mankind. While their leadership was from a national position on one hand and a religious position on the other, the challenge they confronted and accepted was, at bottom, a moral one, and their respective efforts were for moral objectives.

The respect and friendship between the President and His Holiness allowed them freely to exchange views and to labor, with failures and successes, for the accomplishment of their common purposes. Despite the most constructive efforts each could make, their independent efforts, made without prior consultation but for the same ends, to prevent the outbreak of the world war, had been defeated by circumstances not alterable except by prepared military power. After the war had begun, their efforts to prevent its spread, particularly as regards Italy, had likewise failed. But their further labors were fruitful of constructive results: the lifting of the weight of suffering; the avoidance of misunderstanding of the spirit and intentions of the United Nations in the fighting in Italy; the ending of the war without confusion among the many moral forces which had worked together; encouragement to strive for a better life for men and nations in the future, even in an era of upheaval and profound questioning; common views concerning the bases on which to build just and enduring peace.

It was my good fortune to have been chosen for conveying from one to the other their innermost thoughts. The inspiration that I received from long and intimate talks with President Roosevelt and His Holiness on mankind's great problems may in some measure be shared by all through the reading of the messages which they exchanged.

The messages are the essential record of the fruitful discussions and efforts carried on by two great leaders. They do not of themselves, of course, reflect all the circumstances of the time or present fully all the specific problems to which they refer. Period by period, they comprise ten groups of exchanges of views.

In the spring of 1946, President Truman requested me to visit Rome again for further exchanges of views with His Holiness. On that occasion, he gave expression both to the world's need and to his own convictions that every resource must be employed to bring enduring peace to the troubled peoples of the world.

It is my prayerful hope that, with God's help, our President and Pope Pius XII and all men of good will may continue to seek and to accomplish, within the limit of human capacity, the realization of the great ideals for the vindication of which mankind so heroically endured its greatest trial of war.

*G*od justified one man at the last moment that none might despair; but only one that none might presume.

St. Augustine.

Brother-Firemen at Notre Dame

By BROTHER BORROMEO, C.S.C.

Condensed from WNYF*



THE fledgling fire department brought forth at the University of Notre Dame in 1900 has finally matured to the likeness, in miniature, of a city department. When the alarm flashes today a pumper and ladder truck of modern design rolls from an up-to-the-minute fire station. The truck carries a 750-gallons-per-minute pump, 1,250 feet of 2½-inch hose, 400 feet of 1½-inch hose, 115 feet of ladders and a 100-gallon booster tank. It is well equipped with nozzles, tips and all the fittings and tools of a modern pumper.

Aboard are earnest men with plenty of know-how and training to do the job at hand. In one way they are probably unique in the U.S.: the eight regular members belong to a Religious Order, Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Calling the roster of fire fighters would sound, to the layman, like the sonorous intonation of some ancient and forgotten litany: Brothers Beatus, Roderic, Emery, Valery, Columba, Jerome, Nilus and Borromeo.

From the summer of 1940 until the spring of 1942, the department was housed in a temporary building at the

power plant. Despite the unsatisfactory arrangement of running three blocks from living quarters to the fire station when answering a night call, the Brothers were able to do a pretty efficient job. Anyone who ever operated under such a handicap well appreciates the difficulties involved: maintaining double watches, arranging meal schedules, running drill periods and always worrying over delayed responses to alarms.

But in 1945 the university erected a modern two-company station with permanent living quarters on the second floor for eight men. Besides the eight private rooms, one for each fireman, the living quarters provide a spacious combination recreation and dining room, a white-tiled kitchen, and, something probably no other fire station has, a private chapel. The exits for the apparatus have motorized overhead doors. The pole-hole doors are spring operated, controlled by a foot latch. On the first floor, conveniently accessible to the apparatus room, is a workroom with facilities for making repairs and washing hose. A Circul air hose dryer, with a capacity of 500 feet of hose, is installed there.

In addition to the alarm desk on the apparatus-room floor, a second one

*Official magazine of the Fire Department, City of New York. April, 1947.

is also provided on the floor of the living quarters and a third located in the power plant. Alarms are received by both telephone and boxes. As box alarms are received on the Gamewell register in the station, they are simultaneously transmitted to the fire-alarm station in South Bend, which sends a truck company and a rescue squad on the first alarm. The university campus property adjoins the South Bend city limits, and the distances from the campus main entrance to the first fire companies average a mile and a half.

Though independently operated and maintained, the Notre Dame and South Bend departments work together. Besides providing protection to the extensive campus with its 120 buildings, the Brothers respond to calls from St. Mary's college, whose property adjoins the university's, and to calls within a mile of the campus, and stand ready to give aid to the city of South Bend any time extra apparatus may be required. Pumps located in the power plant, with a capacity of 5,500 gallons per minute at 100 lbs. pressure, supply water through 10, 8, and 6-inch mains to the 55 hydrants on the campus.

The Notre Dame fireman's schedule is a rigid one. It begins with rising at five. Morning prayers and meditation at 5:15 in the chapel are followed by Mass at 5:45. Breakfast is served at 6:30, after which all hands wash dishes and clean the house. At 7:30 the Brothers report to their respective jobs either at the power plant or the printing plant across the street, where they put in an

eight-hour day. In event of fire the entire force can be on the apparatus in less than two minutes. Four lay employees in the power plant also respond on runs in the daytime and come on special calls at night.

From 4:30 P.M. to 7:30 A.M., when the Brothers are back in the station, the turnout after an alarm sounds requires about 30 seconds. One of the Brothers remains in the station during the day to prepare the three meals and to receive alarms. Box signals announced by a bell can be distinctly heard throughout the house. With room doors left open at night, no alarms can be missed even with everyone asleep.

The functions of the department are similar to those of any city fire-fighting unit. They include inspection of all buildings, hydrants and fire-alarm boxes; care and maintenance of hose and equipment. Before campus dances, concerts or theatricals, all decorations are checked to reduce the risk of disastrous flash fires.

The history of Notre Dame's 100-year existence, like those of many institutions, is marked with many costly and disastrous fires. The first major fire occurred in 1879, when the administration building, six stories high, was completely destroyed. In 1900, the gymnasium was destroyed and, in the years that followed until 1925, three other major fires nearly completely ruined the old chemistry hall, the engineering building and farm buildings. Since 1925 no buildings have been lost, although fires have seriously threatened at various times.

Early in 1940, the present five-story administration building with its massive gold-leaf-covered dome 200 feet from the ground was definitely endangered. The center of this structure has a rotunda approximately 40 feet in diameter extending from the first floor to the underside of the dome, with all floors open to it. The stage is set for a roaring inferno once a fire gains headway. The building has no basement; a work space of three to four feet extends beneath the ground floor. The fire started in this work space and spread over a large horizontal area, then climbed between the walls to the third floor. Only the sounding of a 4-11 alarm, an extreme measure, and the aid of all the off-shift firemen of the South Bend department prevented the loss of the building.

A fire of recent date, January 7 of this year, gave the department a good workout when a sizable blaze occurred in the football stadium. The stadium proper is constructed of brick, concrete and stone, but during the war a Navy rifle range, of brick covered with celotex, but with a roof of wood and tarpaper construction, was built under the grandstand. A door and a small window at one end of the room afford-

ed the only means of entrance. By the time the fire was discovered, the ceiling was completely involved and great volumes of smoke filled the area under the stadium, making working conditions difficult. By advancing lines through the door and using distributors and fog nozzles through the roof, together with prompt ventilation, the Brothers made a good stop.

Each month brings its share of small jobs, such as fires in paper chutes and overstuffed furniture and, now and then, a house fire in the vicinity. In 1946, the government constructed 43 apartment homes on the campus for housing GI students and their families. The construction is such as to bring gray hairs to any fire chief.

From the efficient and dependable service which this small department has given the university during the past six years, the suggestion is offered that many other institutions and industries might well profit by installing a similar fire-fighting unit. The value of having available on a minute's notice a group of trained men who are familiar with the construction of all buildings, service cutoffs, and the like cannot be overestimated when it comes to getting in fast to the base of a fire.



The Ardor of Sanctity

THE saints could fight and did when they had to. It has been related of Father José Viader, O.F.M., whose beatification cause has started, that once when attacked by three pagan Indians, he flogged the entire group with his bare fists.

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (26 April '47).

Pawns are expendable

No People in Russia

By

GEORGE MOORAD

Condensed from

*The Sign**



IN RUSSIA there are 190 million souls but no real persons. There are only *the masses*, who do not count. As a correspondent with years of experience in Asia, where life is also cheap, I suppose the realization should have come to me more quickly. I was several months in Moscow before I placed my finger on the one thing which makes the Soviet Union weirdly different from the outside world.

It happened one night as I left the Metropol hotel for the beautiful Bolshoi theater just across the square. A trolley car had jumped its tracks and killed or injured several persons. In the morning I asked my secretary to find and translate the story from the newspapers. Lily smiled and said it wouldn't be in the papers, any more than the powder-plant explosion which killed a few hundreds the week previously.

"Why not?" I asked stupidly. "Is there a censorship rule on accidents?"

"Of course not," she replied. "It just isn't news."

Lily was logical and right. Just as the socialist society has no use for advertising, no need for the personalized billboards, posters and signs which infest our countryside, so the totalitarian

newspaper has no interest in individuals who merely are born, live, get married, and die. I'm sure Russia must have its proportionate number of citizens who rescue others from burning buildings, dive into streams to save children, climb poles to pull down frightened cats, and do all the human and inhuman things which make headlines in America. But they get no attention in the Russian press. Individuals are of no account; apparently only the masses exist. Try checking a file of Soviet newspapers. You will always find a story on Marshal Stalin and the handful of men who make the Kremlin's policy. You will find occasional high-production workers who have overfulfilled their norm or other citizens who render unusual service to the state, a rather anonymous Red army, and a great deal of scolding and exhortation to the masses. In months of reading Russian newspapers I never found a story about a person without some obvious propaganda motive.

Well, I'll recant on that. The story of Ma was one of the most tragic and human of the war. It was printed by the Soviet-army newspaper *Red Star*, and I broadcast it to America.

Ma was a frail little Russian woman

**Union City, N. J. April, 1947.*

in a nazi prison camp with French, Czech, and Polish women prisoners and their children. Because the children were given no food allowance, the mothers denied themselves to feed their babies, and died, one by one. The Russian woman would adopt each orphan, giving her own rations and begging from others. The women's camp was separated from a stockade of male prisoners by barbed wire and a no-man's land covered by nazi searchlights and machine guns. But the Russian heroine managed to talk to the men and implored them to throw some bread into a bomb crater near the fence.

Each night, exhausted from toil in the fields, the woman inched her way across the frozen ground to get the bread, until one night a searchlight beam picked up her slight figure and the machine guns barked. A few days later, *Red Star* related, the camp was taken by the Red army and the little troop of children saved. The Russian woman's body was found, but no one could identify her. The kiddies had known her only as Ma. The Red army gave her full military honors and a crowd of Polish townspeople gathered to watch. An old Polish peasant, doffing his cap, asked the Russian general, "Some important person must have died, sir. Who was it?"

"Yes," said the general. "She was a very great person. Her name was Ma."

I must admit the story touched me deeply, and as I finished the broadcast, my voice was not entirely in control. But I came out to find my fellow corre-

spondents, Paul Winterton and Bob Magidoff, grinning broadly at me.

"Cinderella," they chorused. "Didn't you know that today is Soviet Women's day?"

Winterton then explained that the rare human-interest stories, like the one of the man and wife who bought a tank, presented it to the government, and then used it in battle as a man-wife team in the regular tank corps, had to be accepted with the greatest reservations. The story of Ma, said Paul, was possibly true; something like it may have happened at one time or another. The information was handed to the propaganda corps, to be polished and doctored to fit, and finally scheduled for such an occasion as Soviet Women's day.

Red-army procedures eloquently reveal the Soviet philosophy. Where Americans and Western Allies depended upon months of strategic bombing, weeks of intensive artillery barrage, and every mechanical method in the bag, the Russians pinned their faith chiefly on grinding masses of flesh, and their fatality figures show it. Of course, this is not fair as a plain statement. It can be argued that this lavish outpouring of manpower was sheer courage. But the reading of Soviet communiqués will reveal practices which few armies could afford. The Soviet press described the crossing of the Oder river south of Breslau like this.

"A snowstorm was raging and the river ran black and deep, frozen only along its edges. Straight from the

march, Red troopers prepared to cross.

"All up and down the east bank they gathered in the bitter cold and snow, seized fences, tables, benches, even shucked off their uniforms and filled them with straw to make them buoyant. Then, as the nazis bathed the river in floodlight and opened up with murderous machine-gun fire, Red troops plunged into the glacial stream and fought for the other side. By morning two bridgeheads were open for field guns to follow."

These were the plain, official facts, but the casualty figures and details which a Soviet officer gave us later made us gasp. The deaths ran so high that even field hospitals were stripped of the walking wounded to join the fight and medical personnel were taken from their emergency tasks. It was courage certainly, but courage that no western army would countenance. The families of the great majority of those who fought so gallantly never knew what happened to them, unless some comrade who knew the home address had time to write. The Soviet government did not issue and probably did not keep statistics on the wounded. In the event of death, even a private was counted in the totals but only the families of colonels and above were notified.

As to wounded, the Russians work again on their theory of utility to the state. According to Soviet military law, a wound is something caused by "mechanical reasons": gunshot, bayonet slash, explosion, perhaps a motor accident. Men thus legitimately disabled

are given some government assistance. But men who become useless for non-mechanical reasons, organic or mental trouble, are thrown out with the lowest-category food card.

As a matter of fact, it has been announced that the Red army had almost no psychiatric cases. I can suggest some good reasons, given me by a Red-army psychiatrist who served through the siege at Stalingrad. She said there is in medical science no such thing as shell shock, and I asked whether there were not other mental ailments peculiar to war. She said there were very few, and illustrated with a case from her civil practice.

When a skilled stenographer came to her, convinced that she was going blind, the psychiatrist told her she must change her occupation and go outside as an unskilled worker. This meant heavy physical labor and a much poorer ration card. The stenographer immediately ceased complaining about blindness. This was the remedy used on army psychiatric cases. Mental cases were sent into the very front lines. When she said this was also to discourage malingering, I asked if it were true that malingering Red troopers were sometimes taken before companies on parade and shot as an example. She admitted that this was sometimes done.

Erasing the individual does have temporary advantages, as the Japanese also proved. It enables incredible feats like the defense of Sebastopol, where a whole city perished, and Leningrad, where 2 million women, children, and

noncombatants were ordered to starve rather than surrender. In times of peace, or Soviet peace, it enables the government to shift whole plants and colonies of workers to the Urals or Siberia without the bother of transporting, feeding, housing or even notifying their families.

Under such circumstances, which reflect the basic philosophy of the totalitarian state, it is the height of folly to predicate American policy on what the Russian people feel or think. Whether they are hungry and tired and completely unable to fight a war, as Soviet propaganda is anxious to admit, has little weight in an amoral world of power politics. Their individual or even mass plight seems to have no connection with what the Kremlin does, or thinks it can safely do; consequently it should have no bearing upon our decisions.

We cannot reach the Russian people, admirable, courageous, and friendly as we know they are. After four years of war cooperation with the Soviet government, we are further from the Russian people than in 1940, at the time of the Stalin-Hitler nonaggression pact. In those days travel was much freer, and fraternization between Russians and foreigners was permitted to a slight extent. Our frantic gestures of friendship, repeated to the point of ridicule, were intended to be friendly and create an atmosphere of trust. But as the war drew to a victorious close, our contact with the Russian people became steadily weaker. The American information magazines gave up

the unequal fight, the tiny British library was closed, secret police patrolled the U. S. embassy to see that Russian citizens did not view our forbidden movies. Russia bolted the door against international air travel; the pretense of allied solidarity was dropped for the old bogey of capitalist encirclement. What the Russian people thought, we don't know. We cannot. And, practically speaking, as long as the Soviet government rules, it really doesn't matter.

I used to wonder what a Soviet citizen, confined all his life in the iron mold of totalitarianism, would think of the U. S., of what we call freedom and the Soviets call "irresponsible license." Finally I got some faint idea from Natasha, who wasn't an ordinary citizen, because she had visited Europe and America and was the wife of an outstanding Russian engineer. She had spent two years in America, and at first thought it was horrible.

"I stayed all day alone in a big hotel in New York and read the newspapers, with the big black type and pictures of murders and suicides. I wanted to go out and see the breadlines and starving people, but I was afraid. When my husband came home from his work at nights, I would say, 'Isn't it terrible we had to come to America at this awful time? Stalin is right. Capitalism can't last much longer!'

"My husband said nothing, and it infuriated me. He was visiting all day with American engineers and enjoying himself. I knew he liked it, and I kept warning him, 'You are being fooled by capitalist propaganda. You will be

killed and what will happen to me?"

"Then my husband bought a car and one Sunday we drove through the Holland tunnel and out into the country. There were thousands and thousands of nice automobiles on the road. I said, 'What a lot of cars,' and my husband said, 'Yes, they can't all belong to capitalists.'

"That was the beginning. We spent two years in Washington, and I came to love America so much I can't tell you. In America the worker can have a car; the rich can have two or three

cars. The worker can eat one plate of ham and eggs; the rich man can buy many plates. But it is the same food; the worker still has enough. In America you have the real democracy."

Natasha was frightened and almost tearful as she finished. It was the first time she had spoken frankly, but I was going home the next day and she and her husband knew it.

Then she said, "It was the greatest mistake we ever made, to come back. But our babies were in Moscow, so we had to come back. . . ."

Air—Redhot

IT is a wonder we have as many friends abroad as we do, after all the things various people are told about us in this age of "propaganda" or "mass persuasion." In a single recent day the Foreign-Broadcast Information Branch of the Central Intelligence Group in Washington, D. C., monitored radio broadcasts by stations in Soviet Russia which did the following things:

1. Criticized American foreign policies in Russian for the Russian people.
2. Told Austria in a German-language broadcast about the "anti-U. S. tendencies in British public opinion."
3. Deplored American "hunger-strategy" in a broadcast in the Danish language beamed for Europe.
4. Declared in a broadcast in the Persian language to the Near and Middle East that the Truman policy hides a policy of force.
5. Said in another Persian-language program to the same areas that the U. S. capitalizes on the war's aftermath.
6. Asserted in an English-language broadcast beamed to the United Kingdom that the U. S. is displacing Great Britain in the Near East.
7. Claimed in a Greek-language broadcast to Greece that U. S. aid to that country "smells of gunpowder."
8. Scored American proposals in the Far-Eastern commission in a broadcast beamed in Japanese to Japan.
9. Declared in an English-language broadcast intended for North America that the U. S. sends an anti-Soviet newspaper into Austria.
10. Discussed in Japanese "what's behind the mask" of the Truman plan.
11. Demanded reforms in Japan's farm economy in still another Japanese broadcast.

NCWC dispatch by J. J. Gilbert (21 April '47).

The Pittsburgh Achievement

By EDWIN NIEDERBERGER

Condensed from *Information**

FORTY years ago, Bishop Canevin of Pittsburgh gravely watched great waves of immigration from Central and Southeastern Europe break upon his diocese, swelling the city and the big steel towns to overflowing and streaming off to hundreds of small coal towns scattered among eight of the ten counties under his charge. In the city and the big towns there were churches and priests. In the small coal towns he did indeed see churches being built, but they were not Catholic, and he knew that the majority of the new Americans were Catholic. He heard reports that the immigrants were being told they must become Protestants if they wished to become citizens. He might, and did, send priests among them, but what were the few he could spare among so many thousands of people so widely scattered? A cooperative Catholicism was desperately needed, indeed, to combat the threat of a widespread loss to the faith.

On June 21, 1908, in the little mining town of Cecil, 20 miles from Pitts-

burgh, 43 Catholic children listened as two young women from the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of St. John the Baptist parish in Pittsburgh instructed them in their first catechism lesson. Within a year 36 other young men and women from various parishes in the city joined the new venture, organizing ten missions within a radius of 50 miles from Pittsburgh and instructing 800 children. At the annual confraternity convention in November, 1909, Bishop Canevin heard the first report of the lay apostolate and was moved to add to the name of the association the distinctive adjective *Missionary*. The old parish form of the confraternity was forthwith abandoned and the broad interparish basis that had so spontaneously sprung up in the new work was officially adopted, the first such diocesan unit in America.

The saving of the faith in the coal towns was the original driving motive and prime objective of the confraternity. The task had both challenge and appeal. The miners, to begin with,



*5 Park St., Boston, 8, Mass. May, 1947.

were of many nationalities, and the barrier of language had to be surmounted. Moreover, they were engaged in an occupation that has always been singularly subject to strife. Yet in the very misery and abandonment, economic, social, and spiritual, of the coal miners there was a challenge to draw forth the full implications of Catholic Action.

The basic idea, to teach catechism, was simple enough; but this apparent simplicity concealed a deep wisdom and many practical difficulties. The wisdom lay in appealing to the children. The grownups had at least some background in religion, but the children had very little or no religious training to cling to until churches could be erected and priests could come to serve them. In the meantime they were learning the new language and new ways of living. If the faith could only be integrated with these as the children grew up, not only the present but future generations would be saved and, besides, a way would be open for return of many adults already falling away.

To accomplish this, Sunday school was a foregone conclusion, for Sunday was the only day on which the young confraternity members were free. Yet the sacrifice, week after week and year after year, of their only day of rest and recreation, and the labors of arduous, uncertain journeys up to 75 miles from home were cheerfully made. That was only the beginning. Money had to be obtained for travel, instruction materials and, later, chapels; places to hold

classes had to be arranged for, often in the face of bigoted opposition.

Aside from the spiritual benefits of the instructions to the children, there was probably no more fruitful activity than that of "fishing," which to the confraternity is the canvassing of a locality primarily to locate Catholic families and induce them to send their children. Of the rebuffs, both from estranged Catholics and resentful non-Catholics, of the active competition by Protestants and the Jehovah's Witnesses sect, of the patient revisiting of backsliders, much could be said, yet it is the by-products of the fishing process that have brought permanent results, often unlooked for. Among these were the reawakening of religious interest in adults, the return of fallen-away Catholics to the sacraments, the validation of marriages, and, not least, the deep impression made upon confraternity members by the dire need of the miners and their families. Corporal works of mercy were soon joined to the spiritual, especially during times of stress such as depressions and strikes. In addition, social activities, dramatic clubs, picnics, dances, were organized, and the Holy Name society and the Sodality were introduced to strengthen Catholic fellowship. Preparations for American citizenship, including the teaching of English, also found their way into the program of the alert teachers.

Despite the various sidelines, there was no deviation from the main purpose, for all other activities were made to serve the basic mission of saving the

faith. By 1917, 5,069 children were being instructed by 175 teachers in 53 missions, and by 1933, a total of 17,900 children in 201 missions with 902 teachers.

As the years passed, other tangible results began to be seen. Catholic churches and chapels rose in the towns one after another. Priests came, not for a few hours to say Mass at an improvised altar in a miner's kitchen, but to stay and live among their people; the confraternity was instrumental in establishing 30 new parishes in the diocese. And as the area of activity spread, more and more priests were given full-time assignments with the confraternity, so that at present there are seven associated with the spiritual director, Father D. A. Lawless, who has held his position since 1917. Each priest makes his regular rounds of the missions or institutions under his care, administering the sacraments and maintaining the spiritual lifeline in places not suitable for regular parishes. To their efforts have been added at various times those of other Religious, notably the Capuchins, and the Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of St. Francis, and Sisters of St. Joseph. And as more and more the Church came to the outlying districts to save

the faith, the spreading of the faith was an inevitable consequence; for many non-Catholics, in the devious ways familiar to parish priests everywhere, came to the missions to inquire about and remained to be received into the Church.

It is sometimes suggested that the Missionary Confraternity in Pittsburgh will steadily decline in importance as time goes on. Its big job of saving the faith in the coal towns has been magnificently accomplished. As regular parishes supplanted the missions, the scope of work has diminished, so that now there are 95 missions, with 4,775 children and 291 teachers. The peak, it seems, has been passed. Yet, as Father Lawless points out, there will always be a need for the confraternity's work in the outlying areas of the diocese, in various isolated sections, and especially in industrial sections where the moving of industries and the depletion of mines will leave small groups stranded. In addition, there are some rural areas yet unvisited and offering a fruitful apostolate.

The spirit of the Missionary Confraternity is the spirit of its membership: about 50 of its former teachers are now priests and nearly 150 are nuns.



"MEASURING" was a very popular medieval custom, especially in England. It consisted in having a candle or candles of the same height as the suppliant lighted at the shrine of the saint from whom some favor was hoped.

J. Brodrick in the *Clergy Review* (19 Oct. '46).

The madness of charity

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE



By MARY FREGEAU

Condensed from the *Apostle**

AMONG the many first impressions that strike the visitors to Friendship House, the two most common are that we are living a sort of baptized bohemianism, or else that we are a Religious Order gone wild. Actually, we are an interracial group working together in storefronts located in the poorer sections of New York's Harlem and Chicago's "black belt," and living there, too, as a protest against the sin of segregation, in rooms rented from colored families or in near-by Y hotels. We are "co-ed." Both men and women who are so inclined, smoke; our manner is gay, and the sense of merriment that prevails seems most evident when we are in straits, financial or otherwise. No "holy silence" can be heard, but prayerfulness is the very essence, and though there is much hustling about there is an evident orderliness; we go to Mass every morning and pray Prime and Compline together every day. We have no visible means of support, either for the house itself or for the individuals in it. It may look pretty confusing.

But those who think our life is just bohemianism with all the sin taken out

Denver-born Mary Fregeau received her Master's degree from St. Louis university, after which she taught English and philosophy in Catholic colleges for six years. She had been an editor in a publishing house for three years when she joined the staff of Friendship House in New York in 1945. Since then, Miss Fregeau has served as dean of the Friendship House Summer School of Catholic Interracial Techniques in Marathon, Wis., and is now assistant director of the Chicago branch of Friendship House.

are missing the point as much as those who think we are Religious with a dashing sort of rule. The point that is missed by both is this: we are lay people with a vocation to the lay apostolate of Friendship House. This vocation is an inner consecration of our lives, our work, our very selves to restoring the world to Christ, with the emphasis for us on the cause of interracial justice. We are in it for as long as God wills that we stay, pledging ourselves for a year only at a time and able to leave for another vocation should we be so called. Thus, though externally we are rather free, the inner consecration implies that we give up a good bit of our personal freedom.

*P. O. Box 87, Detroit, 31, Mich. May, 1947.

Our way of life demands that, without vows, we live the counsels of perfection, poverty, chastity, and obedience, the latter two naturally and normally, as all Catholic lay people should, but poverty in a special way, both spiritual and factual. It also means that we subsist on faith, hope, and charity alone.

Staff workers are of various ages, come from a variety of backgrounds, and have vastly differing amounts of education, from unfinished grade school to college and university degrees. Though each has, when possible, a private room, our daytime hours are spent together, and in joyous congeniality, because we are bound by the militantly Catholic ideals we are striving to live and propagate. In our time off we are free to do as we please, have dates, go to movies, visit friends, though of course we make a distinction between vacations *in* and *from* the apostolate. Our work time is scheduled, so that the work for each hour of each day is assigned. Each one's particular talents and abilities are put to use with emphasis, but the great diversity within our work itself demands that we do all manner of things for which we must develop the ability and, where necessary, the brawn. A staff worker with a Master's degree will be scrubbing the library floor one minute and racing out to give a lecture the next, though her work is generally with the children. One may be assigned to office work, library work, family visiting, conducting adult-education classes, representing Friendship

House at meetings with other groups interested in interracial justice, writing, lecturing, teen-age programs, and all the variety of duties that go with settlement-house and interracial work.

But our schedules have to be abandoned when "things come up," as they always seem to be doing in Friendship House. A young Negro woman appears with a note from her pastor telling us that she is to be married, has no friends in the city, and needs a bridesmaid. Someone puts on her best, hunts around the house for a bridal gift, and dashes off to witness the sacrament of Matrimony. A staff worker's afternoon off has just begun when one of the cub Scouts comes over to tell us his mother is just home from the hospital. She dashes off to help clean the house, prepare the dinner, and tackle the family wash.

Besides our "neighborhood" work, many of our activities are geared to bring white and colored people together so that they may discuss common problems and find friendship. This keeps staff and volunteers (both groups are interracial) busy in a variety of ways. We achieved a microcosmic triumph in interracial relations the day an unusually gifted Negro child was stricken with polio and we arranged for one of our white volunteers, a university student, to tutor him in his home.

Staff workers receive \$5 a month for personal needs, like recreation, carfare and haircuts, but when a home is broke, as is fairly often the case, we can't count on this. Our food and room

rent are provided as well as medical care, for many doctors and dentists treat us free of charge; shoe polish, tooth paste, soap and such are usually donated, but if not are provided by the house; our clothing is secondhand, gleaned from what is sent us for distribution among the poor with whom we live and identify ourselves. Going without the \$5 doesn't reduce us to dusty desolation; but it does give us a chance to prove our vocation to the personal life of factual poverty as well as poverty of spirit.

Factual poverty means insecurity. Having no regular income, the houses function on the donations of persons who are interested in the Negro-white apostolate. Twice a year each house sends out an appeal letter, called the "begging letter," which is expected to carry us for six months. It never does, but occasional gifts, that seem always to come when we most need them, tide us over the rough spots. It takes money to rent store fronts and rooms in segregated neighborhoods with their abnormally high rents, to run a Catholic lending library, a children's recreation center, a clothing room in which to store and distribute the things people send us. It takes money to provide emergency relief for the countless poor who come in for help, and to print the propaganda by which we try to make their plight known to the world.

When a house gets downright broke its staff locks up and goes in a body to the parish church to pray for money. Always it comes, though sometimes only eventually. Our Harlem branch,

which has an astonishing record for the number of times it can hit the red in the course of a year, once had slim going for several weeks. The icebox was cleaned out completely. After several visits had gone unanswered, the staff went to Benediction, and the worker in charge of the exchequer held the bankbook open before our Lord. Within that week a check came for the fabulous sum of \$100 and within the week enough more money to set the house up in business again.

This praying for all our needs, money, personnel, equipment, and everything else, is part of our way of life. We take our Lord at His word, and we have proof that He holds up His end of the deal. We do receive when we ask; and all things have been added to us because we are seeking first His kingdom. And when the day comes that He stops sending what we need, we will know He considers our work finished, and disband.

And what of our old age? We who wish to do so will go to the Little Sisters of the Poor; but now we have St. Joseph's farm (which is not really a farm, but is in the country) where an older person could live a relatively quiet life, at least by comparison with the city houses, and thus share even to the end the insecurity of Friendship House itself and the love and companionship that are its life.

There is much of heartbreak in our apostolate, which no one can deny is in a rather less cozy corner of the vineyard. Racial prejudice is not a nice thing to deal with, and we deal with

it on the spot, which is to say, the receiving end. For we have to try to indoctrinate the devotees of the heresy of white supremacy in the Catholic principles of the rights and dignity of all men, and at the same time live among the horrible results of that heresy in the lives, hearts, and souls of our fellow men whose skin happens to be dark.

Were it not for the joy of our apostolate, the life of prayer centered in the Mass, the superb Catholic ideal of living the doctrine of the mystical Body, the hearty community life, we doubtless couldn't stand the strain of it. But as it is we go a merry way. For the greatest of all joys is working for the love of God alone, working as none of us would ever work for a salary.

Once the staff of the Chicago house

joined the staff of the farm for our annual eight-day retreat. When it was time to go home, there was great scurrying about to get the house to rights. It was a sort of mad jumble, and that was why no one noticed that each person was busily making up someone else's bed and doing someone else's chores, so that when each came to his own work he found it already done. Thus the whole house got itself cleaned up, almost as it were by accident of love.

Perhaps the visitor who once decided that we are "quite, quite mad," is more right than he knows. The madness is of charity, "whose other name," our founder never tires of pointing out, "is love." At any rate, that is the kind of energy we are bringing to the problems of race relations.



FRANK LEAHY likes to tell one on lanky Frankie Szymanski, star center for Notre Dame a few seasons ago and a standout last season with the Detroit Lions. Szymanski appeared in a South Bend court as a witness in a civil suit. The judge, attempting to evaluate the witness, began asking questions.

"Are you on the Notre Dame football team this year?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"What position?"

"Center, Your Honor."

"How good a center?"

Szymanski squirmed in his chair, paused, and finally admitted in confident tones, "Sir, I'm the best center Notre Dame ever has had."

Leahy, who was in the court room, was amused but surprised because the lad had always been modest and unassuming. When proceedings were adjourned he cornered Szymanski and asked why he had publicly declared himself the best center in Irish history.

Szymanski blushed. "I hated to do it, coach," he said; "but after all, remember I was under oath."

See Taylor in the Des Moines Register quoted in *Sportfolio* (July '47).

Nervous and hungry

Shrew: *the Littlest Mammal*



By ALAN DEVOE

Condensed chapter of a book*

THE TINIEST of mammals is the minute beast called a shrew. A man need go to no great trouble to look at it, as he must to see a whale; he can find it in the nearest country woodlot. In the narrow twisting burrow dug by a mouse or mole is usually born this least of the mammals. Its fellows in the litter may number four or five, and they lie together in the warm subterranean darkness of their tiny nest in a little group whose whole bulk is scarcely that of a walnut. The infant shrew is no more than a squirming pink speck of warm-fleshed aliveness. Totally defenseless and unequipped for life, it can only nuzzle the tiny dugs of its mother, wriggle tightly against its brothers to feel the warmth of the litter, and for many hours of the 24 lie asleep in curled head-to-toes position.

The baby shrew remains a long time in the birth chamber. The size of even an adult shrew is very nearly the smallest possible for mammalian existence, and the young one cannot venture out into the world of adult activity until it has almost completely matured. Until then, therefore, it stays in the warm darkness of the burrow, knowing the universe only as a heat of other little bodies, a pungence of roots and grasses,

a periodic sound of tiny chittering squeakings when its mother enters the burrow after foraging trips, bringing food. She brings in mostly insects: small lady beetles whose brittle spotted wing covers must be removed before they can be eaten, soft-bodied caterpillars, ants, and worms. The young shrew, after its weaning has come about, acquires the way of taking this new food between its slim delicate forepaws and in the underground darkness nibbles away the wing covers and chitinous body shells as adroitly as a squirrel removes the husk from a nut.

When at last the time comes for the young shrew to leave its birthplace, it has grown very nearly as large as its mother and has developed all the adult endowments. It looks, now, not unlike a mouse save that its muzzle is more sharply pointed, but a mouse reduced in size to extreme miniature. The whole length of its soft-furred body is only a fraction over two inches, compared to the four-inch length of even the smallest of the white-footed woodmice; its tail is less than half as long as a mouse's. The uniquely little body is covered with dense, soft hair, sepia above and a paler buff color underneath, a covering of fur so fine and close that the shrew's ears are nearly

*Lives Around Us. 1942. Creative Age Press, 11 E. 44th St., N. Y. City. 221 pp. \$2.

invisible in it, and the infinitesimal eyes are scarcely to be discerned. The shrew's hands and feet are white, smaller and more delicate than any other beast's; white also is the underside of the minute furry tail. The whole body, by its softness of coat and coloring and its tininess of bulk, seems far from kinship with the tough strong bodies of the greater mammals. But it is blood brother to these, all the same; warm blood courses in it; the shrew is as much mammal as a wolf. It sets forth, with its tiny physical equipments, to live as adventurous a life as any of its greater warm-blooded relatives.

In the life adventure of the shrew, the driving urge is very plain and simple: hunger. Like hummingbirds, smallest of the birds, this smallest of the mammals lives at a tremendous pitch of nervous intensity. The shrew's little body quite literally quivers with the vibrance of its life force; from tiny pointed snout to tail tip, the shrew is ever in a taut furor. Its body surface, like a hummingbird's, is maximally extensive in relation to its minimal weight; its metabolism must proceed with immense rapidity; to sustain its mite of warm flesh it must contrive an almost constant food intake. It is possible on that account to tell the shrew's life story almost wholly in terms of its feeding. The shrew's life has other ingredients, but feeding is central and primary.

The shrew haunts mostly moist, thick-growing places, the banks of streams and the undergrowth of damp

woods, and it hunts particularly actively at night. Scuttling on its pattery little feet among the fallen leaves, scrabbling in the leaf mold in a frenzy of tiny investigation, it looks ceaselessly for food. Not a rodent, like a mouse, but an insectivore, it seizes chiefly on crickets, grasshoppers, moths and ants, devouring each victim with nervous eagerness and at once rushing on with quivering haste, tiny muzzle atwitch, to look for further provender.

Not infrequently the insects discoverable in the shrew's quick scampering little sallies through the darkness are inadequate to nourish it, so quick is its digestion and so intense the nervous energy it must sustain. When this is the case, the shrew widens its diet to include seeds, berries, earthworms or any other sustenance that it can stuff with its shivering forepaws into its tiny muzzle. It widens its diet to include meat; it becomes a desperate carnivore. It patters through the grass runways of the meadow mice, sniffing and quivering; it darts to the nest of a deer mouse. And presently, finding deer mouse or meadow mouse, it plunges into a wild attack on this "prey" twice its size. The shrew fights with mad recklessness; it becomes a leaping, twisting, chittering speck of hungering fury. Quite generally, when the battle is over, the shrew has won. Its 32 pinpoint teeth are sharp and strong, and its furious attack takes the victim by surprise. For a little while, after victory, the shrew's relentless needs are appeased. For a little while, but only a little; and then the furry

speck must go pattering and scuttling forth into the night again, quivering with hunger.

That is the pattern of shrew life; a hunting and a hungering that never stops, an endless preoccupied catering to the demands of the kind of metabolism which unique mammalian smallness necessitates. The littlest mammal is a mammal in all ways, it breathes and sleeps and mates and possibly exults, as others do, but chiefly, as the price of unique tininess, it engages in restless never ending search for something to eat.

The way of a shrew's dying is sometimes curious. Sometimes, of course, it

dies in battle, when the larger prey which it has tackled proves too strong. Sometimes it dies of starvation; it can starve in hours. But often it is set upon by some big predators, fox, lynx or man.

When that takes place, it is usually not the clutch of finger or the snap of carnivorous jaws that kills the shrew. The shrew is usually dead before that. At the first instant of a lynx's pounce, at the first touch of a human hand against the tiny quivering body, the shrew is likely to suffer a violent spasm, and then lie still in death. The littlest of mammals dies, as often as not, of simple nervous shock.

Baseball with polish

Cream in the Coffey

By ARTHUR DALEY

Condensed from the *New York Times**



JACK COFFEY did not arrive on Rose Hill with Archbishop Hughes in 1841 and assist in the founding of Fordham university. It just seems that way. Silver-haired Jack is relatively a Johnny-come-lately to the campus and is currently completing his 25th season as the Ram baseball coach. He has become as much a landmark at Fordham as the Administration building, or the elm-lined path from the

front gate. He has been not only a superb coach, but one of the finest ambassadors of good will that any university could have, a magnificent walking advertisement.

Although it is a well-known fact that athletes often are impervious to erudition, the omnivorous Coffey steadfastly operated on the principle that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. He insisted on a lot of it. Not

*Times Square, New York City. May 14, 1947.

only did he absorb every fact cast in his direction during his college years, but he never stopped absorbing them.

This remarkable man is a linguist of such distinction that he can rattle off French, Spanish, Italian and German with extraordinary fluency. And if anyone could converse with him in Latin and Greek he could hold up his end of the discussion with considerable éclat. Even his English is high-powered and polysyllabic. After he graduated from Fordham in 1910 he played for and/or managed teams in 12 cities and eight leagues, from majors to three-I. Jack deftly describes his adventures as being "a prolonged series of peregrinations to points provincial." Ahem!

Jack has had restless feet all during his adult years and his peregrinations to points provincial did not cease with baseball journeys. He learned French and practiced it on the natives of France during the summer months. He learned German and tried it out on the Germans. He learned Italian and tested it in Italy. He learned Spanish and that opened the field wide: not only did Spain see the silver thatch, gleaming teeth and handsome features of the No. 1 Fordhamite, but he toured South America as well. His visit to Australia never has been adequately explained, because he had no language barrier to overcome, unless he studied the Maori tongue in secret or had a working knowledge of what the kangaroos whisper to each other.

However, the most baffling accomplishment of this many-faceted char-

acter is his ability to remember birthdays. Crammed away somewhere in his head is the awesome number of 3,000 birthdays. If he meets you once and asks when your birthday is, he never forgets it. Call him up on the phone and, like as not, he'll greet you with "Hello, July 31st," or whatever your birthday happens to be.

The erudite, urbane, polished Coffey would not be an unusual person for any university to have on its premises as a full-fledged professor. But Jack is not a teacher. He is baseball coach and graduate manager. He also was one of the first of the Fordham athletes to reach the big leagues. If memory serves, Dick Rudolph preceded him, although they both were about the same vintage. Rudolph, you know, went on to gain undying fame with Tyler and James as a member of the three-man staff which pitched the Boston Braves' "Miracle Team" to the pennant in 1914.

It was with the Braves that Coffey made his major-league debut. Up on Rose Hill, undergraduates have the impression that Jack was called upon to face Christy Mathewson in his first time at bat and promptly hit the first pitch for a home run. But the suave Mr. Coffey had a slightly different version.

According to his story, he was sitting on the bench, minding his own business, when Bad Bill Dahlen was given the umpirical thumb for disputing a decision. The Braves were playing the Giants at the Polo Grounds that historic afternoon, and the kid

from Fordham was sent into the lineup as Dahlen's substitute. The immortal Matty was on the hill for the Giants.

Jack did not hit the first pitch into the stands for a homer. He didn't even see it. The ball whisked past so fast that he never even got his bat off his shoulder. He did contrive to swing at the next one, even though he did miss it most inelegantly. But then Matty's aim improved. He nicked the Coffey bat a dozen times for fouls, undoubtedly building up to the grand climax.

It becomes a highly dramatic tale as Jack spins off the yarn in his always engaging fashion. The listener is even inclined to get impatient, waiting for that rousing blast into the seats. All right, then. He fouled off a dozen. What then? Was it on the next pitch that he hit the homer?

"On the next pitch," says Jack sadly, "I struck out."

But he had a most varied career before he settled down at Old Rose Hill.

The stops included Boston Braves, Indianapolis, Denver, San Francisco, Des Moines, Detroit, Boston Red Sox, Hartford, Charlestown, Macon, Peoria, and Decatur.

He played shortstop for Denver during a snowstorm, for the San Francisco Seals when fog blanketed the field, and for Frisco when wind blew with cyclonic force. One time Ping Bodie hammered a terrific shot that seemed destined to sail serenely over the left-field fence. But the wind caught it, pushed it back, and the shortstop finally made a simple put-out.

During the snowstorm the sure-fingered Grover Gilmore dropped a fly ball and produced the most extraordinary alibi any ballplayer ever furnished. "I was just about to catch it," he explained, "when a snowflake hit me in the eye and blinded me."

Yes, it has been a most varied career. But the erudite Jack is home now, home at Fordham, where they're mighty proud to have him.



Double Double Cross

GEORGE GLASGOW, British writer on diplomacy and finance, expected a flare-up when he finally decided to tell his wife, the daughter of a former Protestant bishop, that he had decided to become a Catholic. He got the surprise of his life when she replied with a smile, "So have I."

Thomas A. Lahey, C.S.C., in the *Ave Maria* (7 June '47).

The Greatest Story Ever Told

By FRANK MEAD

Condensed from the *Christian Herald**



IF ANYONE had suggested, eight months ago, that the Bible could compete with Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Charlie McCarthy for America's ear on Sunday night, he'd have been laughed out of radio. But that's exactly what has happened. There is a radio program on the air Sundays at 6:30, called "The Greatest Story Ever Told," and thereby hangs one of the most unbelievable stories in modern broadcasting.

Christian Herald got an invitation to sit in on the first preview of this show, and at first we didn't take it very seriously. Then someone called up and said that we'd miss something if we didn't go; they were actually going to put the voice of Christ on the air. We wondered, and went.

Putting His voice on the air is dangerous business; it just naturally seems irreverent, somehow blasphemous, even before you hear it. This was the first time radio had tried it, and we sat there with all ten fingers crossed, waiting for the thing to start. It started slowly, like a choir singing the introduction to a long anthem. There was music worthy of a great cathedral; there was a mellow, heart-warming reverence in the voices of the men and

women who told the story of the Good Samaritan that made us feel a little easier, a little less tense. When the voice of Jesus came, it did not shock; it was modulated, sincere, prayer-like. We forgot we were sitting in the big easy chairs of Radio City; we thought we were in church. And it's hard to believe now, but we got the impression that Christ was right there, in the room. That's about as high praise as any radio program could ever get.

Evidently some hundreds of thousands of other Americans have gotten the same impression during the last 34 weeks; the mail that has been reaching the sponsors has made even the critics wonder. The radio critic of the *New York Times* calls it "one of the most significant ethereal achievements in recent years"; he suggests the program be considered for the mythical Peabody award. *Blasé Variety*, the "Bible" of the theatrical profession, says it is "a gesture that well-nigh stands alone; superlative radio!" *Un-churchy Printer's Ink* exclaims that "it is free from all the objections that have been leveled at radio shows," and that in itself borders on the miraculous. Jews, Catholics and Protestants have deserted the big-time comedy shows Sunday nights to listen to this simple

*419 4th Ave., New York City, 16. June, 1947.

re-telling of the story of Christ; liberals and fundamentalists, churchmen and folks who haven't seen the inside of a church for 20 years are cheering for it. When we understand the tremendous differences that exist in modern religious life, when we take into account the thousand-and-one schools of thought and theology that cry for attention in America, we almost come to believe that nothing save divine intervention could bridge the gap and offer common ground to all. But the bridge has come.

Wondering what inspired all this, *Christian Herald* went to the sponsors, the Goodyear Tire and Rubber company. Maybe you don't know Goodyear is responsible for this; unless you listen very closely at the start and finish of the program, you'll miss mention of the name. That's deliberate, and revolutionary, in radio. The sponsor is trying his best to stay in the background; if it were not for the regulation laid down by the Federal Communications commission, Goodyear probably wouldn't be mentioned at all. In a day when most of us are weary to the point of rebellion at the long, intrusive, and often insipid commercial, we find a program with no commercial at all. Why? We asked Mr. P. W. Litchfield, chairman of the board of Goodyear.

He said, "We sponsored 'The Greatest Story Ever Told' because we thought it was time something like this was done on the radio. We didn't do it to sell tires. We did not want to commercialize this story. But we did

believe that the lessons taught by the Prince of Peace should become more a part of our thinking and action than has been the case in recent years. One Person 2,000 years ago, confined to a radius of 80 miles during His lifetime, traveling on foot or on the back of a domestic animal, reaching only those within the sound of His voice, left such an impression on the hearts of mankind throughout the world and over the centuries, that we thought it would be a worthwhile contribution to society if this same lesson could be brought, through the power of modern radio, to a world-wide audience who, in such times as these, are so much in need of it."

He was quite definite about the trend of these times.

"I don't have to tell you that there is a wave of materialism sweeping this country. Too many of us are living by the ancient 'Every man for himself' philosophy. That's true not just in business and industry, but in politics, in race relations, even sometimes in religion. That trend is bad; you just can't build a decent society or an intelligent economic order on such thinking. We believe it is time emphasis was laid on the only sure antidote: the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man. There is great common ground in that for all of us. We also believe that in the New Testament lies the only cure for another and perhaps even greater threat. I mean communism. There is a violent, atheistic threat here that is as subtle as hidden poison. When communism meets the Gospel, it meets

something it can't begin to handle."

When you listen to the broadcast, you realize how completely those who put it on have respected the motives of the sponsor. This is one of the most carefully prepared scripts in all radio; it is supervised by Fulton Oursler, senior editor of *Reader's Digest* and nationally known over the air waves. Oursler insists that the scripts be in the language of 1947, and as it comes out of your loudspeaker it is a language colloquialized but dignified, and in consummate good taste. We can't imagine anyone taking offense.

There is, for instance, the voice of Samuel, saying, "It isn't a man's face, or his possessions or the way he speaks or the place he was born which determines how good a man he is. It's what he *does* toward his countrymen that should earn his place in this world." No, it isn't language lifted bodily out of the Bible, but it is language that

gets into your heart like a knife. It is Bible-based language that can do a lot for a listening youngster who has just heard the Jew lampooned and the Negro ridiculed in his loudspeaker; it means much to the little people of the world; it is a language and a story good to hear, surrounded as it is by the commentators who as merchants of despair are telling us to get ready for war with Russia tomorrow.

"The Greatest Story Ever Told" is a radio revolution. It can accomplish much. It can put ideas in the heads of those researchers who spend money like water trying to find out "what the people want." It is good news for those interested in tolerance and understanding among all peoples. It is great grist for the mills of those seeking that unity in search for which mankind has shed oceans of blood.

If you haven't listened yet, you'd better. History is being made.



Commercial

ALICE was invited to a dinner. She was 7, the daughter of a radio announcer. The hostess asked Alice to say grace. The little girl cleared her throat, gave a quick glance at the clock and said, "This food, friends, is coming to you through the courtesy of almighty God."

Perpetual Help (May '47).



Suspense

A DRAMATIST who had been employed to write radio plays based on Bible stories was astonished, at the end of the broadcast, to hear the announcer state, "Will Cain kill Abel? Tune in at the same time tomorrow evening and find out what happens."

Irish Echo quoted in the Irish Digest (May '47).

Lord, that I may see

• The Eye Bank •

By AGNES CURTIS

A SURGEON in New York City received a card from a young Canadian who only four months before had groped his way helplessly into the office. The card read, "Just passed the eye examination for the Royal Canadian Air Force."

Another man ran down the steps of a hospital in the pouring rain and joyfully hailed a passing cab. "Beautiful day!" he shouted to the driver, "take me twice around Central park!" The driver stared at him and told him he was crazy. "Maybe I am crazy!" laughed the man, "but any day is a beautiful day if you haven't seen a thing for 21 years!"

Vision had been brought back to those two men through the help of the Eye Bank for Sight Restoration in New York City. The operation in itself was very simple: merely replacement under local anesthesia of a clouded cornea with a clear one.

Corneas are tiny pieces of tissue no bigger and no thicker than dimes. They curve in front of the irises and the pupils of the eyes. Nothing else under the sun possesses their characteristics or can fulfill their function. Normally, they are completely transparent. Light flashes through them and the swift complicated mysterious

mechanism of our sight begins. For most of us, they are windows looking out upon the world. They last us a lifetime and keep their perishable gift intact for a few hours after death.

Sometimes injury and disease cloud both corneas, making them opaque to the light. When that happens, although the rest of the eyes and the optic nerves remain healthy, the person becomes blind. Vision is stopped at its source, but not necessarily forever. Vision can usually be restored, to one eye at a time, by cutting away the clouded cornea and replacing it with a clear, healthy cornea. The operation takes about 20 minutes.

The healthy tissue is obtained from one of two sources: from an eye which has been removed from a living person for causes not affecting the cornea or from good eyes of the generous and thoughtful dead who had specifically asked to make this priceless gift.

A good cornea is defined as a healthy transparent one taken from a person known to be free from infectious diseases. Age, sex, race, and type of blood of the donor make no difference nor does any defect in vision which does not affect the cornea. One good cornea can be used to give back sight to as many as three blind eyes. The graft is

held in place by various means. Usually delicate sutures are employed to keep the graft from shifting until healing. The sutures may be removed from five to eight days after the operation. Success or failure of the operation depends in large measure on obtaining healthy corneal tissue and the exact and accurate cutting of the window so that a perfect fluid-tight fit is obtained.

Eye surgeons estimate that at least 10,000 Americans, one out of 25 of all the American blind, could probably be made to see again through the corneal-graft operation. Before 1945, little hope could be offered. First the shortage of corneal tissue was so acute that even the first person on a surgeon's list had to wait months for a cornea to become available—a blind farm boy hundreds of miles away from eye specialists and on nobody's list had no chance. Second was the problem of time, space, and transportation. Only 15 American surgeons, most of them in big cities, were experienced in performing the operation. Their potential patients were, of course, scattered throughout the country as were the potential donors of the eyes; and corneal tissue could be preserved for grafting only 48 hours.

The Eye Bank for Sight Restoration was incorporated in February, 1945, with the earnest hope that neither ignorance, indifference, lack of organization nor lack of money would delay the corneal-graft operation to all the blind who need it. Major activity of the eye bank is the collection, preservation, and distribution of corneal tissue.

More than 100 leading hospitals throughout the country are its chief depositors. Whenever the cooperating hospitals have eyes available, they rush them by Red Cross motor and the important air lines to the eye bank. Here the doctors and the laboratory men make a complete pathological examination of the eyes, attend to their preservation, and, if the corneas are perfect for grafting, distribute them to qualified surgeons with suitable cases. A surgeon is told when his turn comes, and he informs the first patient on his list. The patient answers the call to the hospital at once, the call that may well mean he will see again.

Already, the eye bank's orderly procedure has greatly increased the number of corneal-graft operations. Its concentrated research has extended preservation of the eyes to 72 hours. But this is only the beginning. With 20 leading ophthalmologists throughout the nation sponsoring it, the eye bank hopes that branches will be established at strategic centers. It wants to have a cross-country network for swift transportation of the precious corneal tissue.

Hopes should not be raised too high in regard to what this operation can do. Corneal grafting can restore sight in only one type of impaired vision: that caused by opacity of the cornea when the rest of the eye and the optic nerve are normal. Persons who have been blind from birth because of corneal opacity and those who have developed opacity of the cornea during early infancy cannot be helped by this operation.

In selected cases, such as those who have suffered scarring of the cornea or who have developed opacity after the eyes have attained their full growth and usefulness, the operation may prove successful. By selected cases is meant cases in which scarring is confined to the pupil area, in which the rest of the cornea is clear and there is no disease of the optic nerve or any other part of the eyes. Successful results can be expected in 80% of operations performed in such cases. By successful is meant that vision is restored or improved and the graft remains clear indefinitely. Because the technique of the corneal graft has been perfected only recently, most records of such cases date back to merely ten years. Operations performed ten years ago on patients whose corneas still remain clear are considered successful.

Visually handicapped persons who suffer from corneal opacity are urged, whenever possible, to consult a reputable local ophthalmologist before jumping to the conclusion that their sight can be restored through the corneal graft or rushing to some large center where such operations are performed. Such action, always expensive, leads too often to disappointment.

The first mention of the technique of corneal grafting goes back to more than 100 years ago. Both Reisinger and Himly experimented on rabbits, and Kissam of New York is said to have been the first to operate on man, using an animal cornea. In 1838, he used the cornea of a pig as a graft but the operation was a failure. As early as

1803, Erasmus Darwin made the suggestion that the grafting operation might be possible *if* the scar would heal without losing its transparency. Previous to this time, Pellier in 1789 attempted to make a substitute cornea out of glass supported by a circular gold band sewed to the eye.

Von Hippel (1877-1886) was one of the first to bring about a lasting improvement in vision, and since then, until the beginning of this century, isolated cases have been reported, mostly from European cities. Zirm was exceptionally successful with a transplantation case. He removed the clear disc of a cornea from an 11-year-old boy and transplanted it to the eye of a 45-year-old man whose cornea was almost entirely opaque as a result of a burn from unslaked lime.

It is interesting how little the technique has changed. Improvement has been largely brought about by a better understanding of the physiology of the eye and the manner of protecting the graft.

The safest way yet known to preserve eyes is to put them in a moist physiological salt solution at a temperature of 3° to 4° C. for about two days. Other means have been tried, such as preserving in hemolyzed blood serum at a temperature of from 5° to 8° C. In one case, the corneal tissue of an animal was kept alive for 25 days by changing the fluid every five days. The full vitality of the tissue thus preserved was demonstrated by grafting it into another animal of the same species. Tyrode solution and formalin

have been used for preservation with some apparent success. However, much research remains to be done. No doubt the time will come when corneal tissue may be safely preserved for weeks.

Care of the patient follows the routine of cataract patients. Both eyes are kept bandaged for three or four days. The sutures are removed from five to seven days later.

The patient is allowed out of bed in a week or sooner, average hospitalization being ten days to two weeks. Complications resulting from this type of operation are fewer than those following cataract extraction. Follow-up care is confined to weekly visits to the physician or clinic for about a month. At the end of this time, the patient is discharged unless complications have developed.

The eye bank encourages, and extends by teaching and research, the knowledge and skill required to perform the operation. Fellowships will be established when sufficient funds have been made available; and qualified eye institutions throughout the country may apply for the fellowships.

Would you like to donate your eyes after death? If so, simply send to an eye bank for a form, fill out and return it. Your signature must be witnessed by one person, preferably a member of your family. The release need not

be notarized. The gift of your eyes should not be made a part of your will, because the eyes must be used quickly, nearly always before a will can be probated.

Give the release to your next of kin or the person who will have charge of your burial arrangements. He should in turn notify your doctor or the hospital authorities, as eyes must be removed one hour after death. They will contact the eye bank, receive instructions for delivering the eyes, and thus insure the carrying out of your wishes.

It is practically necessary for a donor of eyes to die in a hospital, because in most cases only hospitals have the necessary facilities for removing eyes and are familiar with eye bank procedure. The donor does not have to make any arrangements with the hospital for removal of the eyes. After death, the eyes are removed by qualified hospital personnel. There are no fees of any kind. The recipient, of course, pays nothing for the eyes to be used in the cornea-graft operation.

In the end, the success of the eye bank must depend on the generosity of the public. The surgeon can do little and the organization can do little unless we make it an American habit to arrange for the gift after death as naturally as we now arrange for the gift of lesser treasures.



It is regrettable that when a girl breaks the law of chastity, her neighbors too often break the greater law of charity.

From *The Irish Tangle for English Readers* by Shane Leslie (London: MacDonald).



A Christian front

Circus Chaplain

By BOB ENSWORTH

Condensed from *The Sign**

A CROWD was streaming into the circus tent, but they were slipping through the back door! More than 1,000 men, women, and children were quietly walking through the performers' entrance and taking choice seats in the best reserved sections. They had no tickets, yet they were packing the Big Top of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus.

This amazing invasion of the main tent took place recently when "The Greatest Show on Earth" pitched its canvas in Fort Worth, Texas. But circus ticket-takers didn't holler "Hey, Rube" or shout for police. The audience walking in free consisted entirely of performers, animal attendants, and roustabouts. It was Sunday morning, and they had come to attend a church service.

An altar stood on the sawdust, in place of spangled props, and whole families of show people watched reverently as a kindly priest offered Mass. At that moment Father Edward Sullivan, the official circus chaplain, became the only man ever to conduct a religious service in center ring.

They call him "Father Ed," and he troupes the nation with them every year, leaving his little church in Cambridge, Mass., to live with clowns,

midgets, and lion trainers. He is beloved by famous stars and sweat-stained handymen on every circus, large or small, because he's the kind of clergyman who will suddenly fly to Texas just to hold services for them under the Big Top.

The clowns know that Father Ed enjoys a good laugh. They recall the time they almost tricked him into marrying two gorillas; and the dangerous episode of the wild-animal escape, when he joined the chase for a comedian's pet pig. But most performers remember Father Ed for his years of real service to showpeople.

Victoria Torrence is doing her act high above the fans. Spotlights shift to the very top of Madison Square Garden. Victoria's husband grasps her right hand, dangles her off into space and swings her in a whirling series of spins. Thousands applaud.

The act is almost over. Victoria locks her legs around her husband's ankles and leans back, no hands. In a few seconds, as they hold this daring position, they will be slowly lowered to the ground. Then Victoria slips, and plunges down to the cement floor.

That night a telephone call was made to St. Peter's church up in Massachusetts. The circus folk wanted

*Union City, N. J. June, 1947.

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Father Ed. The funeral would be held in St. Malachy's, the actors' chapel on W. 49th St., just off Broadway.

"I was standing in the vestry," says Father Ed, "when Msgr. James O'Reilly stepped up to me and said, 'It's hard to believe. I've never seen my church so full!' I told him that the circus was a large family.

"That's true," the monsignor continued, "and many of her fellow performers must be here. But look! Why did all those schoolchildren come?"

"You know, monsignor, most of those children filling the front rows are older than we. They're all the circus midgets."

"I began the funeral service, and I could see that not a person from the circus was missing. From the side-show folk through the performers, front office, canvas men, hostlers, even the candy butchers. They all wanted Victoria to have a real fine entrance before the Great Ringmaster."

When the Ringling-red and Barnum-blue circus trains roll into your town this year, chances are that Father Ed will be on a plane flying toward your city. A hundred times each season this colorful cleric leaves Cambridge to spend his own time in "Backyard," behind the scenes with the circus.

His headquarters is in "Clown Alley," so you'll find Father Ed behind the main tent, surrounded by white-faced comedians. His best friends are clowns. They look to him for advice in solving their personal problems. Father Ed's habit of camping out with the battalion of buffoons once nearly

got him into trouble. During a show, a near-sighted prop man almost hurried him into center ring, as the comic preacher for the clown wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Gargantual

Adventures backstage with the circus are more than just a hobby. Here's a missionary, devoting his life to serving Sawdustland. Why?

"My goal," says Father Ed, "is to befriend and bring the Church to thousands in Circusdom who continually ask its help. But I'm also trying to show the American public a true picture of the traveling entertainers, to break the unfounded judgment that circus folk are a band of rowdy, rough and tough gypsies.

"Trouping with the greatest show on earth is *not* an artificial life, as in some forms of theatricals. There has yet to be a major divorce or scandal involving a circus performer. Why? Because circuses are made from family units, children raised in healthful, outdoor surroundings, talents handed down from father to son. Their lives are cleaner than most, for to become a star means rigid physical training, practice and self-sacrifice."

The average circus fan is surprised when he discovers that circus people believe in religion, not superstition. A few years ago Father Ed had eight sterling-silver medals of our Lady especially made, planning to give them to circus performers and workers who had asked him for some small religious token. Other circus employees began asking for his advice and help. The eight little symbols were soon

gone, in fact, at last count he had given away more than 3,600 medals.

A midget, Paul Horompo, wears one of those medals. Paul is hardly more than three feet tall, a midget clown. For 26 years the little man has been a Barnum attraction. During all those tours his globe-trotting wardrobe valise has held wigs, sticks of clown white make-up, and fake noses. Yet always tucked down in one corner of his "home in trunk" is a much Tom-thumbed Bible. His is a prized early edition from his native Belgium. It's a miniature volume, pocket-size like its owner.

Living with midgets and merry-makers did not develop overnight. Before Father Ed could even start to help showpeople in Clownville and Backyard he faced a score of obstacles. His superiors had to be shown that circus folk really wanted religion. Though Father Ed had been interested in life under the Big Top almost since his birth 47 years ago, it wasn't until 1940 that he was allowed actively to serve the circus family.

For ten years he had been seen unofficially visiting performers. He'd suddenly appear on the lot, whether it was Ringling Brothers playing or just a struggling one-ring circus. Then, in 1940, came the bombshell from the Circus Fans Association of America. This national organization enrolls prominent business and professional men who have Big Show hobbies. They petitioned Cardinal O'Connell and other high churchmen, seeking Father Edward S. Sullivan as chief

chaplain of their club. Permission was granted, and Father Ed promptly began his year-round work for Christians under canvas.

Laughing "Joeys" can have troubles, too, underneath their red putty noses and fuzzy wigs. Father Ed has given spiritual comfort to many a real-life Pagliacci. Like the clown who was handed a telegram just as he started to enter the tent for his act. "The War Department regrets to inform you . . ." The funny man kept right on walking, out onto the Hippodrome track. He had lost a son, but the audience couldn't see through that foolish painted grin.

Recently, while Father Ed was sitting backstage, circus comedians decided to give Robert Ringling the laugh of a lifetime. The famous circus owner was told to watch a certain performance, especially the "Share A Ride" clown gag. Millions of circus-goers know this stunt, where a brand new automobile is driven into center ring and an amazing number of riders proceeds to jump out. Before entering the tent the tremendous total of 24 clowns is packed into that one coupe. They sprawl prone on the floor, on the seats, under the dashboard. Almost impossibly crowded, 24 men is the limit, all of them uncomfortably lying on top of each other.

During this particular performance, Robert Ringling counted the comics as they each leaped out of the car, banging the door behind them. "Twenty-two, 23, 24." Ringling started to turn away, when the car's horn

honked mysteriously. He looked back, and out stepped No. 25, Father Ed!

That short, sardine-like ride, at the bottom of the heap with his jovial friends, was Father Ed's first and only appearance as a circus performer. He's now back doing more serious work for Circusdom. Like his service during the fire tragedy at Hartford.

Hardly an hour before the disaster struck, I was sitting with Father Ed in a Hartford hotel. It was a hot Thursday afternoon in July and I was enjoying a late lunch with him before we went out to the show grounds for the matinee.

"I don't believe I'll go back to the circus again today," Father Ed was saying. "Both of us were on the lot yesterday, we saw the show and all our friends. Today I think I'll make a little trip up to Boston."

"It couldn't be that you're going on another mercy mission, Father Ed?"

"Well, yes, I'm going up to a hospital in Boston to visit Marie Jaye. She's the girl who had that small part in the bareback riding act until she was injured last week. In Fitchburg, Marie donned a bathing suit and between shows sprawled out on the lot for some sun bathing. She fell asleep. A circus wagon ran over her, badly crushing her face. I think little Marie needs a visitor."

That's all Father Ed said. And I had overheard him telling the same story, in the same few words, to a clown on the circus grounds the day before. He didn't have to say any more. The quarters and half dollars and \$1

bills appeared, quietly and quickly slipped into his hand by funnymen, menagerie workers, roustabouts. Within an hour Father Ed's pockets bulged with more than \$300. There'd be more, as soon as it was needed, but now he was going to Boston to hire the best plastic surgeon he could find.

[Editors' note: Marie Jaye is now back in show business with a new face, a \$1,000 smile!]

Fire was the farthest thing from our minds on that fateful Thursday afternoon as the priest headed for Boston, and I left for the circus. We had talked for an hour and a half, and I was twenty minutes late for the matinee. That long luncheon with Father Ed may have saved my life.

I had a reserved seat near center ring, and because I was late I hurried down the circus midway. As I neared the tent entrance, the Big Top went up in flames.

When Father Ed arrived in Boston, the hospital radio was broadcasting news of the catastrophe. He raced to the airport, and flew back to Hartford two hours later. For the next four days and nights he worked unceasingly giving aid and comfort to both the stunned circus folk and bereaved Connecticut families.

Father Ed's calm, kindly messages in newspapers and in public did much to convince Americans that the circus should carry on. This campaign was won. In 1947 more than 30 complete circuses are back on the road, all of them flame-proofed, inspected, and safe.

Today the circus chaplain is still fighting for the Big Show. He's out to prove to the nation that his friends in Tentland are clean, God-fearing people. As he wages his war against prejudice and rumors, Father Ed uses 3,000 feet of his own motion pictures as ammunition.

Almost every night the colorful cleric gives movie-lectures to Sodalitys, boys' clubs, Rotary and other civic and Church gatherings. Kids from six to 60 hear the talks and view his Kodachrome slides. Last year alone more than 7,000 fans saw his circus scenes.

Father Ed has an arsenal of anecdotes. He tells true stories, including this one about the famous Riding Cristiani Family. "The bareback riding Cristianis, now starred with Cole Brothers circus, always turn to faith before attempting dangerous new leaps. Like many circus daredevils, they religiously bless themselves as they step through performers' entrance to start their act.

"I've seen old Papa Cristiani plenty worried about a risky horse-to-horse somersault. His family of 17 sons and daughters was about to answer a fan-fared cue and enter the tent to try the new stunt. Suddenly papa called his whole clan back to their red and yellow wagon. He actually led them in some singing. Their lusty '*Ave Maria*' nearly drowned out the steaming caliope."

Sure, Father Ed has wandered into the menagerie and heard a bullman blast an unruly elephant with language designed to penetrate even the

pachyderm's thick hide. But no group of 1,200 or more persons is perfect, and the priest points with pride to the fine over-all religious record of his famous followers. For instance, it is a little-known fact that circus folk will not move from their winter quarters in Florida until they've had their annual spring church service. Every year all Ringling Brothers personnel, animals, equipment and train crews are blessed with the full ritual of the Catholic Church. Father Charles Elslander, pastor of St. Martha's church in Sarasota, conducts the impressive one-and-one-half-hour ceremony. On the road, Father Ed takes over.

Though by now he has fully mastered the customs, "slanguage," and mode of life with all circuses, Father Ed must always be ready for any surprise problem. Miss Martha, the Fat Lady, wants to marry Slim Jim, the Thin Man. Give advice, direct them to consult their home-town clergyman back in winter quarters. And remember to call the couple "human oddities," not freaks.

To every soul in Sawdustland Father Ed is tops under the Big Top! But he is even more enthusiastic about them.

"Theirs is an amusement profession begun in Caesar's day," he says, "and they proudly perform in the only field of entertainment which has never needed a censor! What's more, on the Ringling show alone people of 24 nationalities work and live together without any friction, examples, perhaps, to the entire war-torn world!"

Grandma Called

By LUCILE HASLEY



He sees the stars

It Sloth

Condensed from the
*Missionary Servant**

OF ALL the capital sins, I think sloth is most appealing. I even like the sound of it. Our modern "Get a wiggle on, you big lug" can't compare with the withering elegance of grandma's "Fie! What sloth, what sloth!"

Sloth is such a cunning little word that I really mourn its passing. The only time I ever run across it is either in a catechism or encyclopedia and, needless to say, the encounter is not frequent. The catechism, unfortunately, isn't illustrated, but the encyclopedia offers a picture of the three-toed sloth: a charming inert creature, hanging upside down by his toenails from the bough. That's all he does: just hangs. He has coarse long hair in gray or greenish-brown tones, almost indistinguishable from the foliage. He also looks, I might add, absolutely content with his lot.

Perhaps the reason I feel so sympathetic toward this three-toed sloth is that both of us would have driven grandma crazy. While it is true that I do not hang by my toes from the chandelier, I do, by grandma's standards, wallow in sloth every morning. I bring the coffee pot into the living room and settle down in an easy chair

to drink coffee and read. The dishes, the beds wait, and by the time I arise to tackle my chores the neighbors have far outstripped me. Their washing is already flapping in the breeze by the time I am just wending my way to the basement. My slothful attitude is, "So what? The clothes get washed, don't they?"

Sometimes, of course, my late start means that I am doing manual labor in the afternoon. This is very bad. No real lady would consider it for a split second; only poor white trash, I am told, do housework in the afternoon. Once again, my attitude is deplorable. I think, "So what? Just call me Tobacco Road Ellie."

These are surface attitudes. Underneath is the very real conviction, "What difference does it make if my neighbor gets her washing hung out first? What difference will it make 50 years from now? But my Catholic reading, that I squeeze into the early morning, will make a difference to me 50 years hence."

Very edifying, you may think suspiciously, but why, pray, not face my state-of-life duties first and then read?

Well, it's like this. 1. I'm a sluggard. I like to stall. 2. That blessed session

*Box 266, Stirling, N. J. April, 1947.

after breakfast (the girls off to school, the baby back to bed) is the one time of the day when the house is peaceful. Why be a dope and squander the peace? 3. That blessed session after breakfast is the only time when my mind is fairly bright.

I was delighted, some while back, to find these convictions bolstered in a magazine article. This article claimed (and I'm a pushover for scientific data when it serves my purpose) that your brain functions best between the hours of 8-10 A.M. You're supposed to have an efficiency of 105 degrees, whatever that means, at 8 A.M. and this efficiency ebbs throughout the day, hitting a low at 4 P.M. (Very convenient. That's just when the newspaper arrives and I'm all set for the comics.) Then the author winds up with a nonscientific but rather beautiful flourish, "I learned to skim the cream off the day and use the rest for cheese making."

There you are. Do you think I'm going to waste my precious 105° efficiency scrubbing the egg off the breakfast dishes? No, sir! I'm going to sit down with a book and give it all I've got. I'm going to turn the full brilliance of those 105° on something worth illuminating.

I'd like to leave you with this heroic picture of me in mind, out after sanctification, hammer and tongs, but honesty forbids. I read Catholic reading, not to be noble, not in lieu of a hair-shirt, but because I enjoy it. Somehow, I find it quite interesting to read about why I'm here and where I'm going and how I'm doing along the way.

Mystery! Suspense! Clues! It beats a good detective story all hollow.

It was not always thus. Time was when I wouldn't have endured Catholic reading either before, with, or after my morning coffee. Catholic reading was something you did for 15 minutes daily (eyes on clock) for a Lenten penance. The nastier the dosage, the "more good it did you." And, early in the game, I hit some pretty nasty stuff: not bitter-nasty but syrupy-nasty.

Shortly after my conversion, I read a few Catholic novels and I began to wonder if I'd joined the right Church. Those fictional Catholics, filled to the brim with all the solid virtues, were wondrous dazzling but even more puzzling. I began to wonder, as I read about those infallible creatures, just why the sacrament of Penance had ever been instituted. Perhaps it was just a quaint old hangover from the Middle Ages, when Catholics occasionally erred.

All in all, those novels were out of this world. They belonged in Hollywood, with Ingrid Bergman and Bing Crosby all ready to step into the leading roles. I finally decided that if I had to read about saints, I'd read about real ones. These, too, were a disappointment. The hagiographies I hit ran like this, "Saint So-and-So's heart burned with such a great love of God that it scorched his shirt." Or, "Anastasius, a Persian monk, was beheaded for the faith in 628; he is invoked against headaches." The sensitive interpretation, the profound insight, the keen

weighing of Catholic values! Poor saints. They had rugged going on earth and, if one could suffer in heaven, such biographical gems would be a final crucifixion.

Next I tried some straight spiritual reading, and this was *my* final crucifixion. The author tried hard to make me feel like a worm and succeeded only too well. All I wanted was to crawl down into the nearest cesspool, obviously my natural habitat.

I don't remember how or when the good Catholic reading began to creep up on me but creep it did. It crept up like the tide, covering the barren shore. The tide brought in the Catholic topnotchers: Chesterton, Charles Péguy, Caryl Houselander, Graham Greene, Evelyn Waugh, Bruce Marshall, Wal-

ter Farrell, Gerald Vann, and other sterling souls. Those authors wrote with integrity about real people (neither angels nor worms) with real problems in a real world.

Heed these confessions of a slug-gard. Remember, the first downward step is to pick up a good Catholic book. The second horrible step is to forget yourself and read past the allotted 15-minute stint. The safest and simplest thing is to steer clear of the whole business or you, too, may fall prey to the insidious delights of sloth.

P. S. I forgot to mention that there is also such a thing as spiritual sloth. I'm sorry. I certainly meant to get around to it but . . . well, that's a slug-gard for you.



Flights of Fancy

Angelus: even the clock clasps its hands at noon to pray to the mother of God.

As Catholic as First Friday.—*Marguerite Ratty*.

Home, where part of the family wait till the others bring back the car.—*Public Speaker's Treasure Chest*.

A baby examining its foot with all the enthusiasm of Columbus sighting land.—*Alberta Schumacher*.

Grandma came up slowly but steadily, pressing each stair firmly into its place.—*A. J. Cronin*.

Laughter and tears, the safety valves of sanity.—*Leonard Feeney*.

Hoping for sleep, he felt like a body about which the coroner had not yet been notified.—*Louis Paul*.

The dark, low-breathing night leaned close to me, like a hooded priest toward a penitent.—*Michael Williams*.

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]



With canoe, pipe, and song

The Voyageur

By GRACE LEE NUTE

Condensed from the book*

WITHOUT the birch-bark canoe the history of inland North America would have been altogether different. Dugouts, batteaux, rafts, and other clumsy craft could have replaced the canoe on many waterways, but dugouts cannot be carried easily on men's shoulders over portages, and they cannot shoot rapids properly. The canoe was the only practicable vehicle for a large part of the fur-trader's frontier.

Disassociated from his canoe the French voyageur can hardly be imagined; as well separate him from his pipe. It was his carriage by day, his house by night, the topic of half his conversation, the object of his pride. His clothing, food, songs, his family life, his very stature were all conditioned by a frail basket which he could carry on his shoulders.

In what dim age the Algonquian tribes learned the secret of making canoes from the rind of the yellow birch tree is not known. Generations, perhaps even centuries, witnessed the perfecting of the art, for it is no slight task to build a vessel that weighs less than 300 pounds and yet can sustain the burden of five tons of crew and freight. Moreover, no nails or other

metal substances were used in its construction, all the building materials being found in the forests. And the reason for the use of the canoe by the Algonquian tribes and not by more southern bands was the fact that the canoe birch grows only in northern latitudes.

This essentially native American product has been described by numberless travelers. It varied in size according to the extent of the body of water on which it was to be used. Generally speaking, three types of canoes were in use among the white people of Canada and the U. S. The "Montreal canoe," or *canot du maître*, which was 35 to 40 feet long, was used on the Great Lakes and on large rivers like the St. Lawrence. The "North canoe," or *canot du nord*, about 25 feet in length and carrying only about 3,000 pounds besides the crew, was used on smaller streams and lakes, particularly on those beyond Grand Portage—whence its name. Between these two in size was the *bâtard*, which was propelled by ten men. Fourteen were usually required for the *canot du maître* and eight for a North canoe. A canoe about 20 feet long, called a

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"half canoe," was sometimes used; and Indian canoes, 10 to 15 feet, were sometimes termed "light canoes."

Either Indians or voyageurs were employed to build the canoes in use in the fur trade. The rind of one birch tree was often sufficient to construct a canoe. Watap, the fine root of some coniferous tree, usually the red spruce, was used to sew together the strips of bark. When a covering of sufficient size had been manufactured, it was placed over a framework of thin white-cedar boards shaped to form a structure 20 to 40 feet long, four to six feet wide at the center, and narrowed to a point at either end. Over the gunwales the bark was lashed with watap, and four to nine narrow thwarts or bars were placed across the top at more or less regular intervals to hold the canoe in shape. In front of these thwarts and depending several inches from the gunwales were boards about four inches wide which served as seats for the voyageurs. The canoe was now ready for gumming. This substitute for calking was achieved by applying melted gum from pine trees with the aid of a torch; the process had to be repeated daily or oftener throughout the voyage to keep the craft watertight.

Not all canoes were painted, but it was usual to depict a flag, horse, Indian head, or some similar object on the high prow and stern. One traveler describes his Lake Superior canoe thus: "The canoe would be an object of interest anywhere, even without the paint; but now, ornamented as it is,

it is really striking. Around the sides, and upon a white ground, is a festoon of green and red paint. The rim is alternate green, red, and white. On each side of the bow, on a white ground, is the bust of an Indian chief, smoking, even larger than life. In the bow is an enormous wooden pipe. This is the canoe that was made at Fond du Lac; and on both sides, and against the swell of the middle, is painted in large letters, 'Fond du Lac.'"

Three sizes of paddles were used: the common paddle, about two feet long and three inches wide, which was used by the middlemen (*milieux*), or men in the center of the canoe; a longer kind, about five inches wide, which was used by the steersman (*gouvernail*), who stood in the stern; and a still larger paddle, which the bowsman or foreman (*avant de canot, devant, or ducent*) employed when running rapids or leaping small falls. These paddles were made of red-cedar wood and were very light. The blades were usually painted red and ornamented still further with some markings of black and green.

For other equipment the canoe carried an oilcloth which could be used both for covering the cargo and for improvising a sail when *la vieille*, the "old woman of the wind" was propitious. On such occasions a block was placed in the bottom of the canoe to receive the foot of a mast carrying a pole at right angles which served as a yard for the sail. The sail was trimmed by lines attached to the ends of the

yard. Sometimes, instead of a single mast with its horizontal yard, two poles were erected at the center of the canoe between which the sail was hung.

Another essential article in the equipment of every well-stocked canoe was a large sponge capable of taking up two to four quarts of water. When the canoe sprang a leak, this sponge was used for bailing. A rope for *cordelle*, or towing purposes, 60 yards in length, also found a place in every canoe. When rapids were not of such magnitude as to require portaging the canoe, it could be towed by means of this rope.

"The proper crew of such a (North) canoe is eight men," writes Kennicott, "a bowsman, steersman, and six middlemen. The bowsman, who is the guide, sits alone in the bow; the middlemen occupy three seats placed about five feet apart in the middle of the canoe; and the steersman stands in the stern, never sitting down while the canoe is in motion. All, except the steersman, keep perfect stroke in paddling. They paddle with great rapidity, making about 40 strokes per minute, dipping the paddle a foot or 18 inches into the water and pulling with very considerable force. When it is considered that this is kept up, exclusive of several short resting spells of 10 or 15 minutes each and of the stops for breakfast and dinner, from 12 to 15 hours per day, some idea may be formed of the extreme powers of endurance possessed by the voyageurs."

Another traveler betters Kennicott's statement, for he found by precise count that his voyageurs made just a stroke a second. Four to six miles per hour was the average speed of canoes propelled thus in calm water. When headwinds or untoward weather of any sort were encountered, the voyageurs generally put ashore, for even though their strength was sufficient for the task, they knew that their frail bark could be broken in two by a wave of unusual size. Reading the many available diaries kept on such canoe trips, one finds again and again the entry, "Wind bound—forced to remain at last night's encampment." The voyageurs' term for this state of affairs was *dégradé*, and "degraded" soon became part of the vocabulary of English-speaking travelers. On the other hand, if a favoring wind arose, the sail was hoisted and with wind and paddles eight to ten miles an hour could sometimes be attained.

While paddling, the voyageurs sang. Songs were chosen whose rhythm was such that the paddles could keep time to the music. Ordinarily the steersman chose the song and gave the pitch. Sometimes he sang the stanza and the others joined in the chorus. In the parlance of his fellows he was the *solo*. Voyageurs were chosen partly with respect to their vocal abilities, and the effect of six to 14 of them in full song was quite impressive. They sang of their canoes, their country, their life, loves, of their church: sentimental romances, old ballads, humorous jingles, lofty poems, and earthy versifications.

Many of the songs were inheritances from the *trouvères* and *troubadours*; some were of the voyageurs' own composition. They lightened the work and were the natural expression of such an effervescent race of men as the French Canadians admittedly were.

So frail were the bark canoes that, once in them, the voyageurs could hardly shift their positions for fear of breaking the gum. Thus they sat, hour after hour, in one posture without so much as moving their feet. Passengers unaccustomed to the tedium found the cramped position almost unendurable, especially for the first few days. Because of the brittleness of the gum a curious way of taking on and putting off passengers was customary. This was none other than a brief ride on the broad back of a voyageur. As contact with sand on the shore would be likely to break off bits of the gum, the canoe was anchored offshore. Before the momentum given by the last paddle stroke had been lost, every voyageur was out of the canoe with a swift, graceful spring.

Any year between 1770 and 1840, Montreal island above the Lachine rapids was the scene of much commotion on the May morning set for the departure of a brigade of canoes for the Northwest. During the winter an agent of the fur company had been engaged in canvassing the hamlets and parishes round about for voyageurs. Experienced hands were preferred, of course, but in every brigade there were certain to be novices, the butt of many

a practical joke on the part of veterans.

While the agent was filling up his quota of voyageurs, the men themselves were down by the water's edge, gumming the canoes, making up packages, loading, bidding farewell to friends and families, and talking and weeping vociferously. Each package, or *pièce*, was made up to weigh 90 pounds, and two ears were left on the top by which the voyageur could lift it easily in the manner of a modern flour bag. Two of these *pièces* made an ordinary load for portaging, but competition among the men in proof of unusual strength or endurance caused many to carry three or four. A member of a famous Negro-Indian family of voyageurs, the Bongas, is said to have had such strength that he could carry five, and the voyageurs before their campfires told in awed tones of voyageurs who had carried eight. In such packages were arranged the blankets, scarlet cloths, strouds, calico, gartering, pins, beads, flour, pork, silver earbobs, and numberless other articles which were to be bartered in the interior for furs. Guns and ammunition were also packed into convenient packages; and intoxicating liquors and shot were packed usually in small kegs. When we read of such things as pigs and cookstoves being carried beyond Lake Superior in such brigades of canoes, we can but marvel at the ingenuity and perseverance of the fur traders, and of their employees.

Having loaded each canoe with a cargo whose weight had been equalized by placing it on poles laid on the

bottom of the canoe, the men and their clerks were ready to embark on their long and tedious journey. As many as 30 canoes or as few as two or three formed the brigade. Sometimes there was even a squadron of brigades. Flags were flying from sterns, feathers waving in caps, red oars flashing, and voices ringing out in a spirited canoe song as the shore receded.

But the voyageurs did not consider the journey begun as yet, for Ste. Anne's help and protection had not been implored. The brigade first proceeded up the river to where Ste. Anne's church, the chapel of the voyageurs, stood on the westernmost point of Montreal island, the last place of worship that would be seen for months, perhaps for years. Here they offered money for the Holy Father and for Masses; then after a short prayer they were ready to depart. Even the Protestant clerks and bourgeois put coins in the box.

And now the hazardous expedition had begun. The route lay along the St. Lawrence to its confluence with the Ottawa and up that stream to the point where the Mattawa river joins it from the west. In this distance there were 18 portages. There were also approximately as many *décharges*, where the canoe and usually a part of the load were towed over an obstruction. To the numerous falls and rapids on their route the earlier voyageurs gave such curious names as *Les Chats* (the cats),

La Chaudière (the kettle), *Les Allumettes* (the matches), and *Le Calumet* (the peace pipe). As early as the last quarter of the 17th century these names were already in use.

When the voyageurs passed from the St. Lawrence into the Ottawa and again when they entered the Mattawa, they always pulled off their red caps and said a prayer. They prayed, too, whenever they caught sight of tall wooden crosses on the banks of dangerous saults and rapids, for the crosses were the rude memorials of the voyageurs to mates

who had been caught in the treacherous swirl and eddies of the stream. As many as 30 crosses were observed on one bank in 1800.

Soon after leaving Ste. Anne's all clerks or *bourgeois* who had never accompanied a brigade into the interior were given to understand that they would be "baptized" in the chilly waters of the river if they did not moisten the whistles of their men. Accordingly brandy was produced, kegs were broached, and soon the red plumes in the Northmen's caps waved at more uncertain angles, and the sorrows of leaving home were forgotten.

Only two meals were eaten ordinarily, breakfast and the evening meal. An hour was usually allowed for breakfast, but if portages were numerous or especially difficult, breakfast time was shortened, since hard portages usually necessitated a third meal.



No human being could have labored more arduously than the voyageur on a difficult portage. One author describes a portage scene thus: "As soon as a canoe reaches a portage, a scene of bustle and activity takes place, which none can picture to themselves but such as have seen it. The goods are unloaded, and conveyed across, while the canoe is carried by the stern and bowsmen. As soon as they have reached the end of the portage, it is launched and reloaded without any loss of time. An obstruction of 100 yards does not detain them more than 20 minutes. We had occasion, however, more than once, to regret their speed, which caused them to toss our baggage very unceremoniously, using it as they would packs of furs, which are so made up as not to be injured by this rough treatment. The whole care and attention of a voyageur seems to center in his canoe, which he handles with an astonishing degree of dexterity and caution."

The length of a portage was computed by voyageurs in a characteristic way. The canoe and goods were carried about a third of a mile and put down, or *posé*, two or more trips often being required to transport all the load to this point. Then, without resting, the men shouldered their burdens and went on to the next *posé*. And so on till all the *posés* had been passed. One long portage of 45 miles in Wisconsin was divided into 122 *posés*.

For portaging, a sort of harness, called the "portage collar," was used. This consisted of a strap of leather

about three inches wide, to which smaller straps were attached of sufficient length to tie around the packages. The straps were first tied around each end of a *pièce*, which was then swung upon the back, the lower part resting on the small of the back. The collar was then brought over the top of the head. The voyageur, taking a load, inclined a little forward, so that the load rested on the back and drew only gently on the portage collar. After the first *pièce* was swung on the back, the second was taken up and laid on top of it, reaching, if it was bulky, nearly to the top of the head.

Across the portages the men dog-trotted at a pace which kept passengers running. A missionary, William T. Boutwell, relates how he had merely a musket and two umbrellas upon his shoulder, and yet he could not keep in sight of the greater part of the voyageurs unless, as he says, "I ran faster than I chose." So much lifting and carrying proved a strain to all but the toughest, and many a bruised foot and wrenched ankle were the result of nearly every portage. Hernia was very prevalent among voyageurs and frequently caused death. On the other hand, the voyageurs, though nearly amphibious, seldom had colds, and so, like the lumberjacks, they are good proof that exposure and wet feet bear no relation to respiratory infections.

In some cases it was not necessary to portage around an obstruction, but merely to remove some of the lading from the canoe. Such spots were termed *décharges*, which promptly be-

came "discharges" in the English vocabulary of the clerk, proprietor, and passenger. To pass a *décharge* it was necessary to *cordelle*, that is, to tow the canoe by means of a rope. Bad accidents happened occasionally when a towing rope broke and the canoe was precipitated down rapids or over falls, with loss or wetting of baggage and sometimes loss of life. Often the current at the rapids was so violent that two or more men had to accompany the canoe, wading waist deep in ice-cold water and over treacherous rocks. At the end no fire was made to dry the men's clothes, but all was hurry and away to the camping ground. Only when the baggage became wet, or even damp, was a delay thought necessary.

Nightfall usually brought the toil of the voyageur to an end. A landing was made, the campfire was lighted, the unloaded canoes were turned over on the shore, the clerk's tent was set up, the supper was cooked and eaten, and preparations were made for a night in the open. Though the clerk could indulge in such luxuries as tea, a voyageur's rations were almost invariably a quart of lyed corn (dried peas were frequently used until Mackinac was reached), and an ounce or two of grease, pork, or bacon. From this last item, called *lard* in French, the class name, *mangeur de lard*, "pork-eater," was derived. The manner of cooking was monotonous but the seemingly adequate diet was quite in keeping with the voyageur's other customs. "The men's practice in the culinary art

was very simple, but good," writes a clerk in reminiscent mood. "The tin kettle in which they cooked their food would hold eight or ten gallons. It was hung over the fire, nearly full of water, then nine quarts of peas—one quart per man—were put in; and when they were well bursted, two or three pounds of pork were added, and all allowed to simmer till daylight, when the cook added four biscuits, broken up, to the mess, and invited all hands to breakfast. It looked inviting, and I begged for a plate full of it, and ate little else during the journey. The men now squatted in a circle, the kettle in their midst, and, each one plying his wooden spoon from kettle to mouth, with almost electric speed soon filled every cavity. Then the pipes were soon brought into full smoke."

The voyageurs added to their rations whatever berries, nuts, game, birds' eggs, or other wild items could be picked up in the day's march. They were ever on the alert to catch a fish, turtle, or muskrat, to find a bird's nest full of eggs, to kill a deer or bear, or to locate a honey tree. A beaver's tail was considered an especially dainty morsel, and the story is that the voyageurs ate it even during Lent. The matter was referred to the Sorbonne, and, no doubt because the aquatic habits of the beaver so closely resemble those of fishes, the privilege of eating the tail in Lent was permitted.

Pemmican was used on voyages in the far interior. This was a kind of pressed buffalo meat, pounded fine, to which hot grease was added, and the

whole left to form a mold in a bag of buffalo skin. When properly made, pemmican would remain edible for more than one season. Its small bulk and great nutritional value made it highly esteemed by all voyageurs.

The nightly encampment was made about nine o'clock in the long twilight of the northern spring. McKenney, who became so deeply interested in the voyageur on his trip through Lake Superior in 1826, asked his men one evening at seven o'clock if they did not wish to go ashore for the night. "They answered," he relates, "that they were fresh yet. They had been paddling almost constantly since 3 o'clock this morning: 57,600 strokes with the paddle, and 'fresh yet!' No human beings, except the Canadian French, could stand this. Encamped at half past nine o'clock, having come today 75 miles."

Dawn came, and before the first glimmerings of light the call of "*Aler-tel!*" or "*Lève, lève, nos gens*" (Get up, get up, men) resounded through the camp. No time to hear the sweet songs of birds, or to watch the silver sheen of mist rising from the water. All was bustle and hurry. Canoes were launched and loaded, and within 15 minutes a song was struck up as the shore receded. Scant courtesy was shown to tardy risers, even though they were "dwellers in tents," for the tent poles were needed in the bottoms of the canoes to equalize the weight of the loads. It was always a race, therefore, between those in the tent and those

outside, and the voyageurs considered it a tremendous joke to be able to pull down the tent and reveal a half-clad *bourgeois*.

Some 12 miles of lusty paddling in the cool morning brought respite and breakfast. The canoes were moored offshore by long poles laid one end on the beach and one on the gunwale, the fire was lighted, and for passengers a cloth was laid on the rocks. Should the traveler be a lady, as sometimes chanced, the never-failing *galanterie* of the voyageurs displayed itself in a little bunch of flowers before the plate, plucked from the numberless wild roses, red columbines, and other flowers that embroidered the clefts in the rocks of this north country in May and June. It was characteristic of this race of men who slept only four hours a day so as to shorten their tedious journeys that they should spare time to gather wild roses for a lady's table.

Thus the voyageurs spent their days in paddling, smoking, and singing, and their nights in making camp and sleeping, till Michillimackinac, near modern Mackinac, was reached. Just before reaching this, or any fort, the voyageurs, who were great dandies in their own way, must stop and, on a great rock or beach, literally plume themselves. For the crowning touch of their toilettes, destined to impress all beholders, was the colored feathers which Northmen, as distinguished from pork-eaters, had a right to wear. In such regalia and at top speed with ringing song they paddled vociferously to the landing.

Shea, Catholic Historian

By AUSTIN D. DEVANE

AS THE afternoon shadows lengthened in the sick room, the pain-racked figure of the old man stirred uneasily on the bed. His long race against time was nearly over. At that very moment a conference of doctors was conceding him no more than 24 hours to live. Even had the old man known, he wouldn't have minded. A little more and his race would be won. A few finishing touches and his monumental *History of the Catholic Church in the United States* would be completed.

When his good friend, Father Eugene Carroll from near-by St. Mary's, came in to inform him of his approaching end, he received the news calmly and asked for the last sacraments. Then, no sooner had the priest departed to get the Holy Viaticum than the elderly patient asked for his manuscripts to make a few last-minute alterations in the last volume.

"Make the table of contents and the index for my book like those in the other volumes," he said to a friend. "If I am here tomorrow, I may tell you more." By the morrow he was gone, dead at 68 of cancer of the stomach. The Catholic Church in America had lost her greatest historian.

He was John Gilmary Shea. Deput-



ed by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1884 to write the story of the Catholic Church in the U. S., Dr. Shea undertook the work when he was well advanced in years and failing in health. All Catholic America waited and watched as he labored on the fourth and last volume from a sick bed with death threatening to cut short the work before its completion.

He was a contemporary of the historians Bancroft, Prescott, and Parkman. Because they were the first in the field, their histories had breadth and scope. They dealt with themes that covered long periods of time and that gave full rein to literary and dramatic ability. Later on, the members of the scientific school would descend upon the scene with their monographs and restricted studies, but the earlier age was an age for vision.

Bancroft told the story of America with a fervor that "brought tears to the eyes of Emerson." Prescott wrote of the conquest of empires. Parkman dealt with the two-century struggle between the British and French for North America, while Shea found his theme in the thrilling story of the beginnings and growth of the Catholic Church in the U. S.

Shea was born of intellectual parents in New York City in 1824. His father, James Shea, had emigrated from Ireland. The captain of the boat on which he sailed had treated his passengers so foully that he was afraid to land them in New York harbor for fear that their friends might seek revenge. Consequently, he sailed his ship up the Shrewsbury river and landed them on the Jersey shore. Thus the elder Shea was making his way toward New York on a bright May morning in 1815 when he passed a ploughman working in a near-by field. Stopping to seek directions, the personable young Irishman was invited in to dinner by the farmer, who proved to be General John A. Schuyler, a soldier of the Revolutionary war. It so happened there was present at the same table another guest, a minister, who lost no time in launching an attack on the Catholic Church. James Shea answered his objections with so much ready wit and charm that General Schuyler waited till the minister had left and then persuaded Shea to remain on as tutor to his sons and nephew. This position served as an opening for the elder Shea, and by the time John was born the father was head of the English department of what is now Columbia University in New York City.

Even as a boy John Shea was weak and delicate. He had no interest in the popular games which absorbed the time and energies of most boys his age, but rather sought his recreation in reading and in nature study. One day his father called attention to his

girlish nature by calling him "Mary." This name, uttered half in jest, half in seriousness, was never forgotten, and 20 years later when John entered the Society of Jesus, he dropped his middle name, Dawson, and substituted Gilmary, or "Mary's servant," in its stead.

After finishing grammar school at 13, he took work in the counting-house of a Señor Don Tomás, a Spanish merchant in the city. During the next six years he spent his spare time in increasing his knowledge of botany and history. At 14 he had given evidence of his ability to write. An article on the life of a Spanish cardinal which he had contributed to the *Children's Catholic Magazine* was praised by Archbishop Hughes in the columns of the *Freeman's Journal*.

A growing distaste for his work in the countinghouse convinced him he hadn't yet found his life's work. His brother's success as a lawyer and his own improved health encouraged him to undertake the study of law. By the time he passed the bar examination in 1846 he had lost both his parents. For the next few years he divided his time between his law practice and the study of sources dealing with the early history of the Catholic Church in this country. At this time a series of articles on early American martyrs, published in various Catholic magazines and signed "J.D.S.," was appearing.

However, young Shea was not yet satisfied. He dropped his law practice after two years and sought admission into the Society of Jesus, entering the

novitiate at Fordham in 1848. When the novitiate was removed to Montreal two years later, Shea not only was able to continue the historical researches which he had pursued at Fordham, but was now able to study under the guidance of Father Felix Martin, who was acknowledged leader among the Catholic historians of Canada.

As much as he enjoyed his stay among the Jesuits, Shea had reached the conviction by 1852 that it would be better if he discontinued his preparation for the priesthood. Consequently, he left the Society that year to take up his life's work in a field in which he felt he was more suited; his health, never robust, played a large part in that decision. In the next 40 years he was to receive more than one letter addressed to Rev. John Gilmary Shea, S.J., and 37 years after his departure from Fordham, at the time of an accident in 1849, a leading New York newspaper carried the notice: "Rev. Dr. Shea has a bad fall."

Shea came to his life's work as well qualified as any writer before or since his day. His thorough knowledge of Spanish, gained in his commercial experience, was to be a valuable possession because the history of Catholicity in America is so largely to be found among the Spanish peoples and in the Spanish tongue. His law studies and practice enabled him to appreciate the place which law occupies in history. His years with the Jesuits completed his knowledge of Latin, and perfected his French. Without planning it at all, he had in many ways secured the best

possible training for his future career as an historian. A great linguist, Shea not only knew French, Latin, Spanish, German, and Italian, but he mastered a number of Indian languages. In time he was recognized as the foremost authority on Indian tribes in America, and contributed learned articles on this subject to leading encyclopedias.

Shea had a genius for research and patient, persistent investigation which means so much in the study of documents. For 40 years he was to exercise this genius, laying the foundation for the great work that was to be his crowning achievement, the *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*.

Some men have the knack of making money; Shea did not. Probably the saddest feature of his life is the fact that he had to dissipate his energies to provide for his little family. Most of his historical writing was done in the late hours of the night. His days were spent as editor of Frank Leslie's publications. For more than 20 years a devout Catholic edited the journals read mainly by Protestants. Years later when the publicity attendant upon the publication of the first volume of his *History* made widely known the fact that he was a Catholic, he lost his job at Leslie's. The last three years of his life he served as editor of the *Catholic News*.

His days were haunted by the specter of poverty. More than once he was forced to part with a portion of his library to secure funds. Whereas Prescott and the Bancrofts had at com-

mand the financial means to find facts and to have documents and records copied and collected, Shea, practically unaided, worked out of love and devotion to the cause of knowledge.

How he found time to accomplish what he did is a marvel. A list of the books and articles written or translated by him covers 15 printed pages. His *Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley*, which made its appearance in 1852, was to serve as a guide and index for those who came after him.

Such authors as Francis Parkman and H. H. Bancroft had the advantage of materials gathered in Shea's *Discovery and Exploration* and in his *History of the Catholic Missions Among the Indian Tribes*, which came out in 1854. After the publication of these two works honors began to come to Shea from all quarters. In 1854-55 he was made a corresponding member of the historical societies of Wisconsin, Maryland, and Massachusetts, at the time a rare honor for a Catholic.

Shea made it the object of his life's work to rescue from oblivion and destruction the rapidly diminishing store of source materials dealing with the early history of the Catholic Church in the U. S. Some of the destruction was deliberate. A Father Ulrich, one of the early Benedictines of St. Vincent's abbey, kept a diary for so many years that the volumes formed a pile several feet high, recording every event in the community and in the Church in that part of Western Pennsylvania. They were all destroyed by order of

Abbot Wimmer. In the Vincennes diocese, Bishop de St. Palais ordered all the papers which had been gathered, bound, and indexed by his predecessor to be destroyed. There were other cases resulting from ignorance or indifference. How well Dr. Shea succeeded in his struggle to preserve such materials is attested to not only by his library of 20,000 documents and books, which he left to Georgetown university, but also by the growing number of the hierarchy, men like Archbishop Corrigan and Archbishop Hughes, whom Shea had imbued with an anxiety for the preservation of important Church documents.

Had it not been for his patient research, often under the most discouraging circumstances, it would have been impossible a little later to secure anything like the details concerning the heroic lives of the early missionaries that he succeeded in bringing together.

Of Shea's scholarship there can be no criticism; his passionate love of accuracy inspired all his writing. Yet one can wish he had solved a little better the problem of organizing his materials in a more systematic fashion. As it is now the *History* consists of a mine of information arranged to a great extent without any pattern except that of diocesan headings.

Yet Shea's chief claim to the gratitude of his fellow Catholics rests upon his *History*. The actual writing of the work took eight years and into it Shea poured the fruits of 40 years of study and research. The period covered was

from 1521 to 1886. Shea was unwilling to bring it down any farther, for to do so would be to lose the advantage of

perspective. No student or writer of his stature has appeared since his death to bring the story down to the present.



I Shall Never Forget It

AT THE Cathedral in St. Paul in 1929 there were four assistants. We had no car, but we had many sick calls, and had, too, the Little Sisters "to take care of," as we used to say. We took turns doing that and the one whose turn it was "took care of" a hospital near by.

In the hospital was a patient who hadn't been to confession for years. He wasn't very sick, but Father Keefe had called on him several times, only to get postponements. "I don't think I can go to confession today, but the next time you come, I'll go." That went on a half dozen times.

All winter Father Keefe had suffered from a severe sinus infection—also from not having a car, because the Little Sisters were two miles away.

This Monday it was his turn to begin the week. But he didn't worry because he had borrowed his brother's car, an over-age Chevrolet. He drove it to the hospital Sunday afternoon, saw his patient, got the usual promise of tomorrow. This time it was definite.

Then these things happened: 1. He put on a freshly dry-cleaned suit, although it was raining. The car, you know. 2. After Mass, bearing the Blessed Sacrament, he got in the car. Flat tire. 3. He started to walk the half

mile to the hospital, without the car or a raincoat. 4. Half-way he remembered he had forgotten his ritual. 5. He returned for it. 6. Dripping wet in the now not-fresh suit he arrived at the hospital. 7. It then turned out the nurse had forgotten to prepare the patient. 8. Father Keefe paced up and down the corridor for the ten minutes that took. 9. Entering the room at last, he was greeted with this from the patient, "Father, I just can't go to confession today, but if you will come tomorrow. . . ."

That did it. Father Keefe is a tall man with extremely long, tapering fingers. He leaned over the bed, shook his index finger, and said in a very loud voice, "Look here, man, you're going." Then he picked up a chair, slammed it on the floor, sat down and said, "Now, go!" The man went.

Father Keefe told us three other assistants all of this after he had eaten breakfast and changed clothes. He was a bit put out because we all laughed and laughed so long and so loud. Then he was called out on a sick call.

When he returned an hour later, he sat down, lit a cigarette and said, "You know that fellow I got to go to the sacraments this morning. He died while I was eating breakfast."

Priests are invited to submit similar experiences. We shall pay \$25 on publication for acceptable ones. Sorry we can't return manuscripts, but we shall carefully consider all that are submitted.—The editors.

The Man Who Refused To Be Pope

By THOMAS B. MORGAN

*Condensed chapter of a book**



Two cardinals, to my knowledge, have refused to wear the white robes of Supreme Pontiff even after they have been elected by a two-thirds majority of the Sacred College of Cardinals. The first was Cardinal Serafini, who refused to assume the chair of St. Peter in the election which finally chose Pius X in 1903. He had begged his brother princes of the Church to excuse him because he felt he did not possess the strength to carry the burden of the high office.

I personally knew the second one. He was Cardinal Laurenti. Cardinal O'Connell had told me about him in the conclave of 1922, which finally elected Pius XI.

The bejeweled tiara was to be placed upon his head. The chair wherein he sat was to become the papal throne. Fifty-two cardinals in solemn and secret conclave had elected him Pope, ruler of 400 million Catholic souls. In the breathless silence and to the awed amazement of them all, he had said, "No."

He was known endearingly as Piccolo to his colleagues and intimates. American prelates and students in

Rome had spoken of him as Little Laurenti. Standing in all his cardinalatial dignity, he only reached five-feet-four, but what he lacked in height he made up in girth—and brains.

He could wisecrack on occasions, smile nearly always, but his greatest qualities lay in his profound scholarship and in his knowing how to treat the exposed nerves of human nature. Every ounce of his energy had been given to his ecclesiastical mission. He had remained fastened to his work in the Propaganda Fide congregation for 37 years. Many of them he had spent as a professor there. He had not traveled, but while he was professor students of all races and from all parts of the world came to him. He discovered the threads that made the whole world kin.

Born in the rural Italian village of Monte Porzio, which was hidden in the isolated recesses of the Alban Hills 20 miles from Rome, he had passed his boyhood among vineyards, herds of sheep and goats, and terraced gardens on the back-breaking slopes. It was an 11th-century hill town, built for defense, and in its unspoiled entirety

*Speaking of Cardinals. 1946. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 2 W. 45th St., New York City, 19. 264 pp. \$3.

could offer the little Camillo at his birth in 1861 only what it had offered boys born when it was founded in 1078. As a child, therefore, he lived eight centuries ago.

He donned the cassock as a boy of 12. Camillo played, but his sports were limited to long walks, with his classmates from the Frascati seminary, over the hills where on every clear day they could look north and see the dome of St. Peter's. He had been to Rome on a primitive cart to see the sights. When he reached 18 he went to live there as a student of the Capranica Theological college. He was a country boy harassed by uncontrollable blushing and rural shyness, but he distinguished himself in all his scholastic studies and was graduated with the highest honors in theology and philosophy. At 23 he was ordained priest.

Following his ordination the College of Propaganda Fide appointed him professor of philosophy. Little Camillo, as he was then known, became one of the monumental teachers whom the students year after year chiseled in their memories as one of the greatest scholars of the Roman Catholic Church. His prowess as lecturer and preacher permeated the score or more of colleges in Rome, and he was often called to elaborate on theological or philosophical discussions.

He became a part of the world-wide administrative organization of Propaganda Fide and passed through every step to reach the post of secretary at 49. Though this body is presided over

by a cardinal, the secretary is really the effective executive. In this position he remained for 11 years. In all the long period since his ordination he had known nothing but work and the daily plodding of the churchman completely surrendered to his task. Ambition for rank had not touched him. He had labored on through nearly four decades, and only when Benedict XV called him to the cardinalate at the age of 59 was he to accept an outward recognition of his learning and devotion.

Benedict created three "baby" cardinals that day: Tacci, Achille Ratti, who became Pius XI, and Laurenti. Tacci and Ratti were made cardinal priests, while Laurenti was but a cardinal deacon. After they had donned their red robes, they appeared before the Holy Father in private audience and sat in a semicircle about him.

"There has been a generous distribution of red during the past few days," he told them slowly and almost unconcernedly, "but there will soon be a distribution of white, and the white robes will surely fall upon one of you." He meant that one of them would soon be Pope. Seven months later, Benedict contracted pneumonia. During his sickness he foretold his death and gave the day and hour. He fulfilled his prophecy to the minute on Jan. 22, 1922, at six o'clock in the morning. And it was in the conclave which had met to elect his successor that Laurenti refused to be Pope.

For days I had watched the preparations for this meeting of cardinals which, by the Apostolic Constitution,

is hermetically secret. A common pot-belly stove, 50 feet of stovepipe, and half a dozen gunny sacks of damp straw were hauled into the Vatican's Sistine chapel, the richest interior in works of art in all the world. The common farm and fireside chattels were set in the corner to the left of the entrance opposite what is famed as the greatest picture ever painted, Michelangelo's *Last Judgment*.

The stove, stovepipe, and sacks of straw took the show away from the priceless grandeur of the place. I watched the workmen begin setting up the stove. It was placed rather near the wall, for the long stovepipe was to go straight up without an elbow, to the high roof and emerge six feet into the air. The projecting part was to be seen easily from St. Peter's square, some 60 yards away, where crowds would gather daily to watch for a message in smoke.

I had kept the deathwatch over Benedict XV in the Pope's antechamber for 60 continuous hours. When Cardinal Gasparri, papal secretary of state, lifting the veil from the deceased Pontiff's face, had recited the formula, "*Vere Papa mortuus est* (The Pope is truly dead)," the official pronouncement of death, I entered the bedroom and knelt at the *prie-dieu* at the foot of the bed. I then genuflected beside the lifeless form of Benedict and kissed his slippered foot. Genuflecting again, I kissed his hand and cheek.

I followed the body in its daily migration. First it was removed from the bedroom into the secret antechamber

on the floor below. Daylong and nightlong it was surrounded with ceremony. Canons, members of Religious Orders, high-ranking and low-ranking prelates constantly intoned the prayers for the dead. That day, too, the robes of the still figure were changed from the white cassock and red mantle bordered with ermine to those of archbishop. The precious mitre was placed upon his head.

On the second day, I accompanied the procession from the secret antechamber to St. Peter's. The remains were borne aloft by red-liveried *sedari*, servants of the papal household, and escorted by the cardinals in violet robes. There were scores of bishops and archbishops and hundreds of priests. These were all in black cassocks, as the transfer to St. Peter's, though an impressive procedure, was an informal and private function.

Official entombment occurred the fourth day. This, too, was private and limited to the Sacred College, the papal court, and the diplomatic court. I was privileged to be, I believe, the only American present. The ceremony started at 4 P.M. and lasted until 7. The basilica was locked while the function was proceeding. I saw the remains first placed in a casket of cypress lined with red silk which was then inserted in a casket of lead embossed with the papal arms. The whole was finally introduced into a third casket of oak. Cardinal Gasparri placed his seal upon it and it was lowered into the crypt.

Several days later I watched the workmen take 60 thrones into the Sis-

tine chapel. The thrones were papalelection devices, used only in the conclave and provided with collapsible canopies. The canopy is a sign of sovereignty. Each cardinal entered the conclave a potential sovereign, since there was no Pope. His canopy was therefore raised above him. The moment they would choose a Pope, all the canopies would be lowered except the one above the cardinal elected.

Preparations were completed by the evening of the tenth day. Amid cardinals and thrones, the stove with its long pipe still dominated the scene. The projecting part had neither a veneer nor pretense of elegance. It stood brazenly erect in its rusty impropriety just off the façade of St. Peter's. Its important role was that of communicating to the world the result of each ballot of the conclave. No news of the balloting would come in any other way than by this device. It was necessary for a candidate to receive a two-thirds majority before he could be elected pope. Now, when no candidate obtained a two-thirds vote, the ballots were burned in the stove and mixed with damp straw so as to produce a large volume of smoke. The thick stream emerging from the projecting pipe signified that no Pope was chosen. When some candidate received the necessary two-thirds majority, only the ballots, without straw, were burned. The decreased volume of smoke announced that the Church now had a Pope.

Italians, both prelates and populace, indulge avidly in picking the winner,

much like our own "experts" in sports and politics. Gasparri, Merry del Val, and Maffi, all publicized and popular, on this occasion became the choices. Little Laurenti entered without mention. Lowest in rank because he was a cardinal deacon and was the last one created by the late pontiff, he closed the file of every procession. In all the ceremonies, he was last.

Crowds gathered early in St. Peter's square the following morning to await the smoke. It was indeed an old Roman custom and somewhat defiant of explanation that 10 or 12 thousand persons would gather just to see a burst of vapor issue from the unsightly though authoritative stovepipe. No one expected election on the first ballot, but the crowd stayed on. At noon, patience was rewarded in a thick though diminutive cloud silhouetted against the Italian sky. It was decisive. There was no Pope. The crowd slowly turned away and soon the square was empty. Similar groups gathered in the afternoon. Patience was again as necessary as curiosity. It was not until 5 o'clock that there was another abundant though short-lived belch, signifying that the cardinals were continuing to ballot. They were solemn and orderly crowds. Only an occasional *Niente Papa* (No Pope) punctuated the twilight.

One day after another they came, and one day after another it was the same story, except that the smoke was never uniform. On two occasions its paucity provoked the false rumor that a Pope had been elected. The second

day, the conclave began to turn to Little Laurenti. On the third day he was nearing the necessary two-thirds vote. The Roman Catholic Church was approaching a moment when a new Pope was about to be elected. With heightened feelings, Monsignor Sincero, secretary of the conclave, began his tabulations for the tenth ballot. He knew that the time was near. He checked the figures and found that Laurenti had received 36 votes, the necessary two-thirds. All the cardinals waited in restless anxiety for his announcement. With trembling voice he read out the results.

Everything stopped. Silence begot drama. The assemblage was now sitting in the presence of the new Pope. Each wished to be the first to acclaim him. Following the ritual, the cardinal dean arose and, accompanied by two ceremoniers, approached the throne of Cardinal Laurenti. The dean halted a moment and then bowed.

"*Acceptasne electionem de te canonicè factam in Summum Pontificem?* (Dost thou accept the election which designates thee canonically to the Supreme Pontificate?)," he recited with profound emotion.

There was a pause, a throbbing suspense. The moment Laurenti gave his acceptance, he would be Pope and all present must bend the knee before him. He would be the supreme pastor of all Catholic Christendom. He lifted his head and looked toward the cardinal dean through his black-rimmed glasses.

"Esteem as I do the confidence you

have shown in me," said the country boy from Monte Porzio on whose shoulders had fallen the mantle of pontiff and to whom all were gazing as the next successor of St. Peter, "I am humble and unworthy before the exalted throne of Peter. It is my wish that this lofty office pass into the hands of another, who is stronger and abler to carry the burden."

A unanimous and audible sigh coursed through the assemblage. He had refused to be Pope. He preferred to obey rather than to command. Momentarily no one knew what to do. Laurenti, still the chief figure and still the focus of all, sat motionless. Minutes escaped. Slowly the cardinal dean turned to Monsignor Sincero and ordered the distribution of more ballots.

On the ballot which had elected Laurenti, Achille Ratti had received only 14 votes. On the next ballot, the 11th, he jumped to 24, and this was decisive in making him a leading candidate. On the 12th ballot, he gained three more, which gave him 27 and put him still farther in the lead. Balloting closed for that day and the conclave retired for the night, with Ratti leading the whole field by a big margin. On the first ballot the following day, he gained three more votes, which gave him 30. He was now very far in the lead but had not yet reached the two-thirds majority. The 14th virtually swept everything toward him. He received 42 votes.

Sincero again stood before the Sacred College. Another had been elected Pope. Confidence in Ratti coursed

through the conclave. The cardinals waited impatiently for Sincero's announcement. His voice was again tremulous as he proclaimed the designation of Achille Ratti as the choice.

Again there was silence. With dignified grace the cardinal dean arose, approached the throne of the Milanese archbishop. Each one present riveted eyes and ears on the scene. Misty palms and humid foreheads registered the electric atmosphere and the anxious state of each participant. Addressing him by name, the cardinal dean repeated the formula in slow and almost chanting tones: "*Acceptasne electionem de te canonice factam in Summum Pontificem?*"

Another pause quickened the beating hearts of cardinals and clerks. Eyes and ears strained to catch each movement and word. Were they sitting in the presence of the Pope? On his response, Achille Ratti could be elevated from the pastor of an archdiocese to the ruler of 400 million souls. He bowed his head in prayer. He lifted his eyes to the waiting dean. He began to speak.

"That it may not be said," he drawled in low, liturgical, and deliberate tones, "that I refuse to acquiesce in the divine will, that it may not be declared that I am recalcitrant toward the honor which must weigh heavily on my shoulders, and that no one can assert that I have not appreciated the votes of my colleagues, despite my unworthiness, whereof I have a profound cognizance, I accept."

Achille Ratti was Pope.

The whole company rose. The canopies above the cardinals were lowered and only the one above Achille Ratti remained. He was Sovereign Pontiff now. All bowed him obeisance. All eyes were fastened upon the throne where the successor to St. Peter sat.

The new pontiff was then escorted into a small dressing room off the Sistine chapel and there his robes of cardinal were divested for those of Pope. Three sizes had been previously provided, and the medium size fitted Achille Ratti perfectly. A throne was placed on the steps of the altar of the chapel. The new Pope re-entered and was assisted to the throne. All the cardinals performed the service of obedience by kissing his slippered foot, his hand, and his cheek.

Meanwhile, prelates burned the ballots without straw. Outside, it was a misty day but this did not prevent about 15,000 people from gathering to see the smoke. Though the ballots were burned without straw, the smoke signal was so confused that the crowds could not tell whether the volume signified election or not. Only when the doors of the central loggia of St. Peter's were opened, was it certain that the new Pope had been elected.

Cardinal Bisleti, who was designated to make the first announcement, emerged and with the papal ceremoniers came to the front of the balcony.

"*Habemus Pontificem* (We have a Pontiff)," he shouted, and then proclaimed that Achille Ratti had taken the name of Pius XI.

The crowd burst into wild acclamation of "*Evviva il Papa.*" Up until that moment no one knew whether the new Pope would himself bestow his first blessing from the outside balcony or from the inner loggia. No Pope had ever given the blessing from the outside since 1870, a protest against the taking of Rome by the Italians.

But it was just then that Pius XI was announcing to the Sacred College that he intended to bestow the blessing from the outside as a pledge of peace. Patiently the crowd waited and was finally rewarded when the papal cross appeared at the central balcony followed by the Pope. Here he bestowed his blessing "*Urbi et Orbi* (To the City and to the World)."

Months afterward, when Pius XI received Cardinal Laurenti with his collaborators of the Sacred Congregation of the Religious, of which he had been newly chosen prefect, he was moved in the thought that here was the man who might have been occu-

pant of the throne instead of himself.

"We are deeply conscious of the many great attributes of Cardinal Laurenti, of his travail without ceasing, of his sacrifice without stint," he told the little group. "And were it not for his humbleness of heart and soul, we would not be sitting on this throne nor wearing these robes today."

The little cardinal remained quite happy presiding over the Sacred Congregation, but in 1928 he was promoted to the more important post of prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites and made a cardinal priest.

Until the day of his death, in the summer of 1938, Little Laurenti lived in complacent satisfaction as he witnessed the pontifical stature of Pius XI, the man whom he had made Pope, expand to historic proportions. He knew that it meant power and prestige for the Church. He revered and admired Pius XI. He knew that his decision to make him Pope was right. He was satisfied.



Welcome

WHEN Father Edmond Ryan, Maryknoll missionary from Dorchester, Mass., was assigned some time ago to Yokkaichi, Japan, he expected a surly reception. He was the first priest ever to cast a shadow on its streets. He was to be delightfully disappointed, however. The mayor and most of the citizens were out to greet the American priest with salvos and handshakes. They told him they knew all about Catholic clergymen. They had seen Bing Crosby in *Going My Way* and Gregory Peck in *Keys of the Kingdom*.

Ave Maria (17 May '47).

Desert

By

ANNE FREMANTLE



Journey

Condensed from the
*Commonweal**

NEXT to me at table in the dining saloon of the Casablanca-bound steamer was a quiet man, fortyish, in black suit and tie, with Irish face and New England accent. He was, I learned, Brother Garnier of the White Fathers of Africa. He had spent six years in Uganda helping to organize 3,500 Poles whom the Russians had first deported to Siberia. The British had begged for them, and they had been allowed to come with many spinning wheels for luggage, but little else. Native labor, directed by Brother Garnier and an English colleague, had built houses, and the refugees had soon become self-supporting, making all their clothes, including their shoes, growing their food, and needing no help other than the initial capital and the surveillance of their hosts. At the war's end they could all have gone home; only a few chose to, and they got cold feet when they reached the coast, and dribbled back. Brother Garnier had fallen ill, and had been sent home, to Boston. It was 20 years since he had seen his family. "My sister was seven when I went away; now she has four children. I did not recognize her,

nor she me. I shall never see any of them again," he said; "our rules do not allow it."

In the train, as we crawled through the bare, stony hills between the turret-walled city of Fez, and Oujda, the Moroccan frontier, I asked a White Father if this were not the desert. "Good gracious, no," he laughed, "all this is cultivated land. It's plowed, or scratched, at least two inches deep. In spring you see green here." He was a Belgian Father, returning "home" to the motherhouse at Maison Carrée, outside Algiers, after ten years in the Belgian Congo. "We have a wonderful harvest there," he told me. "Already we have native priests, and nuns, and a tremendous number of catechumens."

"And here," I asked, "in Moslem countries, how do you prosper?"

He sadly shook his head. "No conversions," he replied, "or almost none. And wherever Islam comes, it is the same. The baptized pagans make wonderful Christians, but once they are touched by Islam, their souls seem to shrivel, and there is nothing doing. It's a race between crescent and cross

throughout the continent of Africa.

At Oujda, a clean, shiny new French town, with wide boulevards, palm planted, the hotels were full. After being turned away from the fifth, I went to the church, and a huge, bearded Franciscan Father interceded with the superior of the Sisters of Christian Doctrine. She gave me a bed in the infirmary. The Sisters, who had housed British officers during the occupation, told me there had been no bombing nor fighting, but much small damage—so many holes in the parlor wall that the Sisters had painted them over with riotous bands of different colors, with birds and mottoes. All the footbaths, the convent's pride and joy, had been yanked out and scattered. Next morning was Candlemas, and the courtyard was full of little twittering girls, coming on foot or on bicycles, clutching the candles they had brought to have blessed. "We have 200 children, and have to turn many away, for lack of accommodation," I was told. Oujda is on the edge of a big mining district, and the nun's children were all French, the children of concessionaires or engineers or overseers. So far, no attempt had been made to educate the Arab girls, though the nuns hoped that might come later.

At Maison Carrée the White Fathers were assembling in force for their annual retreat. About seven miles outside the city at the sea's edge, the monastery is built Arab-wise, surrounding a big garden, with cool colonnades. Hibiscus and mimosa were in flower;

lemon trees in full fruit grew among neat rows of vegetables. Like the Oratorians, the White Fathers live in community, but each keeps his own small belongings; he pays for his own habit, laundry and notepaper, and all the money he is given is allocated to mission work. In the big reception room, which is also a museum, were two bishops, the superior-general and an old French-Canadian, who had just flown in from the Gold Coast. He had spent 50 years in Nigeria. His first journey from the coast to the interior had taken him a year; his plane had taken less than two days to cover the same ground.

"I have just ordained priest the son of the first native child I baptized," he said. "But already even the Christians want us to go; they want to govern themselves, to run their own country. I think they are right, fundamentally. It's our aim, as Religious, to give them a native episcopate, and an entirely native priesthood; we should not be surprised if they should desire also their own political institutions." He was old; his parchment-white face was unlined, his body straight and sturdy.

Maison Carrée was full of memories of the great Cardinal Lavigerie, who, in the grim famines of the 1860's, had collected hundreds of abandoned, starving Arab children, and had fed and clothed and educated them, and when the then French government had tried to take them, had refused to give them up. Instead he had bought

land and founded two villages, in the valley of Cheitif: St. Cyprien of the Attafs, and St. Monica, where the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the cardinal's starvelings still live. The cardinal's counsels on the attitude and behavior of the White Fathers towards the natives are still their rule and guide, and are as apposite today as 80 years ago. He saw no sense in attempting swift conversions, and he entirely disapproved the Baptism of infants, other than those in danger of death. "Nothing," he declared, "hinders the Christianization of a country as much as apostasy and apostates."

The White Fathers dress like the natives, and live as much as possible like them, and must show by their lives that all men are brothers in Christ. Yet the Arabs are without either gratitude or illusions. "Yes, we make use of the White Fathers," one declared to me, "because we know that to tell them anything is to tell it to a tomb. But afterwards, we drive them out."

The poverty of the Arabs is unbelievable. The White Sisters at El Golea took me to an Arab wedding. The bride was well-to-do, for her father was the hospital orderly; her bridegroom a truck driver for the Transaharian Transport. She had 17 colored silk veils draped over her thin gold crown (all, she assured me, bought in the black market). But she and all her family (including an indeterminate number of small children) lived in two mud-floored rooms, carpeted for the reception, but without any furniture

save bedding and kitchen utensils. There is an absence of possessions which makes European or American poverty look amateurish. To own nothing but what you stand up in means two entirely different things when "what" comprises shoes and a suit, or one ragged cloth, between you and the cold.

Yet even the poverty of the local Algerian French is startling. The White Sisters, for example, with whom I stayed in the Kasbah, the old Arab quarter of Algiers, live in a most beautiful old house with big cool rooms that once belonged to a pasha. To the high, whitewashed chapel, a White Father comes each morning on his bicycle to say Mass, and the ten White Sisters say their beads in Arabic. The Sisters distribute bread daily (the ration is 250 grams per European, 100 to 150 per Arab, when they can afford or get it) and have as little as their neighbors: no milk, butter, cheese, meat, fish, rice, macaroni, sugar, jam, or honey. Olives are rationed; dates are 120 francs a kilo, and the average Arab earns 60 francs a day. The Sisters manage to feed their 300 girl pupils once a day on *couscous*, a sort of cream-of-wheat made with semolina, spiced, and with some vegetables, such as beet root and fennel, and salads, with no oil.

But clothing is really short and they are at wits end to dress the children, most of whom are literally in rags. And it is cold in winter in Algiers: there was frost in February most morn-

ings, and at Christmas it snowed. They begged for lengths of colored cotton material, which the girls could make up into clothes, and for cotton to sew with.

As for accessories, such as paper and string, these quite simply do not exist: for a small piece to do up a tiny parcel I had to go to the British consulate; nowhere else in all Algiers was any to be had. If a cup or jug is broken, it is an almost irremediable calamity. Wool, once a great native industry, is severely rationed, for several years of drought, and the Vichy policy of sending to Paris all that the Germans demanded, have reduced to minute proportions flocks which once were the whole capital of the desert Arabs, who have for several years been crowding into the cities. Few nomads are left, and almost the whole population of the *Territoires du Sud* (the Sahara proper) is on the verge of actual starvation. Charity of Christian and Moslem does its best, but it cannot reach a hundredth part of the prevailing misery.

At Laghoua, the first of South Algerian oases, the White Sisters run a small hospital. Each morning the seven attend to 700 and more outpatients, who crowd so closely in the tiny dispensary against the Sisters that each evening they de-louse themselves with difficulty. Typhus is widespread. Each afternoon the Sisters drive in an old car into the villages and give injections. They have an isolation ward, but the patients get bored, and stray into the

other wards. It is rare to see a baby over a year old with two eyes; infectious trachoma or gonorrhea ravage even the children. Both are contagious, and as the women pass the family stick of kohl from eye to eye, every individual is inevitably infected, and if the infected eye is not treated with argyrol drops within 24 hours, its loss is certain.

While the Americans stayed, there were sulfa drugs to be had, and even penicillin; now only the bottles remain, filled again with the old French "*calmants*"; orange flower syrup, and steeped gentian flowers, infusions of camomile and verbenas; for disinfectants, crude iodine and carbolic. It is impossible to isolate the patients; they will not even stay in bed, but squat among rags on the floor, bundled children beside them, and a covey of relatives brewing mint tea around. At least in their hospital the Sisters have iron bedsteads with clean mattresses. In the civil hospital at Djelfa, into which I pecked, one filthy Arab orderly watched over two sour-smelling, unswept rooms, each with four groggy beds, from whose split sackcloth mattresses soiled straw and dusty leaves escaped.

In their convents the Sisters teach Arab girls the local arts, spinning, weaving and embroidery, as well as knitting and sewing. They also teach cooking, child care, hygiene, elementary first aid, and some notions of care of domestic animals and horticulture.

In Kabylie, the mountainous district

between Algiers and Constantine, where some 2 million Berbers live in tiny villages that cling like bees' nests to the high rocks, some of the best woolen carpets in the world are made. Those carpets have century-old geometric designs on black and white or beige and white: no direct representation of any living creature is allowed in Islam, lest it lead to polytheism, the deadliest of all sins. The littler girls spin, not with the wheel but the distaff; at 11 they begin to weave, and follow with strange skill the intricate patterns in neutral tones, or in the blazing reds and yellows, blues and greens of the M'zabite colors, all natural dyes, as perfectly as in the simpler Kabyle colors.

All girls trained by the Sisters are highly prized as wives: the mother superior at Ghardaia told me with a proud twinkle, "We make our own conditions when we marry our little girls; we don't let them marry before 13 or 14 (most Arab girls are married by eight or ten) and we try to let them go only to good homes. We welcome them back as visitors or workers even after they are married, and they mostly like to return."

The Sisters' courtyard, in every town or village where they are, is always a great meeting place for the women, who, veils flung off, play with their babies, who totter around on experimental legs. The women nurse their children until two or three, and carry them in their arms, both customs encouraged by the Sisters, for once weaned, there is no other milk, and

once allowed to walk, the babies eat and breathe and rub the filthy dust into eyes and mouth and open sores.

At El Coles is a Christian village of stone, barrack-like buildings, put up by the French government and people for the illegitimate offspring of French officers and men. The Sisters were asked to undertake the care of the children, whose mothers, abandoned, had no other resource save the oldest profession. Now there are some 40 or more Christian families, raised by the Sisters and Fathers, all of whom have remained steadfastly true to their faith. Those half-breeds have crowds of children, who are, in general, more intelligent and better looking than their legitimate compatriots. With Latin acceptance of the facts of life, there is no sham or secrecy attached to this village or to its inhabitants.

There are more than 3,000 White Fathers, all of whom are in the mission field in Africa, or training to go. They suffered much from the war. All their German, Czech and Austrian novitiates were closed, buildings confiscated, postulants and priests scattered. The African Fathers could not even communicate with them, and the flow of funds to the motherhouse ceased. Luckily, American and Canadian generosity stepped into the breach, but now European houses must be built up again, and at a heavy price.

Yet, Sisters are Africa's greatest need. Some were killed in the war. A fully qualified woman doctor, and a chemist, as well as others less specialized,

were killed in the bombardment of Algiers, and of the gallant Canadian Sisters, the only ones to be recruited during the war years, several have had to be sent home, unable to endure the African climate, so violently different from their own. Nor can it be hoped that the vocations now ripening in Europe will have the requisite physical tenacity. French, Belgian, Italian, and English girls have been too undernourished for too long to stand up to the life of the African apostolate. Yet it is an ideally healthy life for the strong, in a sun-drenched air that, given simple cleanliness, is wonderfully germicidal.

As the White Fathers' novitiates are all outside Africa, so, too, I found when I reached France, are those of the Sisters of Jesus—one of two Orders living in the spirit of Père de Foucauld, greatest of all Saharan characters, preparing themselves for work in Africa, at *Aix en Provence*. Sister Magdalen, in charge of the novices, explained that the Sisters are both active and contemplative. They have already a house in the desert near Gerryville, close to Beni Abbes, Père de Foucauld's first hermitage, and this is sup-

ported by the work of the Aix house. The Aix Sisters work in factories, or on farms, hiring themselves out to the farmers, and they also take in piecework. They live in absolute poverty, and never take meat, coffee or wine, and must live like the natives. They must renounce their native language and European customs; must live as intimately as possible with Moslem families, nursing them, learning to work, and rendering all the services friendship can suggest. They must possess neither dowry nor income, but must earn their bread as Jesus did during His hidden earthly life. They must never be called Reverend Mothers, but rather must seek to be "little Sisters of nothing at all." So they must alternate: breathe in, the long hours before the Blessed Sacrament; breathe out, the daily work. So, too, they must now work among the Arabs in the desert, now in French fields; and now must give over all work to warm themselves anew at the light of the invisible Sun. Theirs is the latest contribution to the African apostolate, for they were founded only in 1941, and it is exciting that the continent of Augustine can still astonish us all.



DURING the internationally famous Terence McSweeney hunger strike, widespread arguments developed as to the morality of the Irish leader's self-imposed fast. Early one morning, about one o'clock, the telephone rang at the Jesuit parish rectory in Milwaukee and Father Patrick Murphy, who was caring for emergency calls, sleepily answered it. A bright young voice announced, "This is the Milwaukee *Sentinel*. We'd like to know the position of the Jesuit Fathers on the McSweeney hunger strike." "Young man," said Father Murphy tartly, "the present position of the Jesuit Fathers is a horizontal one. Good night."

J. M. Martin, M.M.

An Irishman reduces armaments

Undersea Pioneer

By THOMAS E. KISSLING

Condensed from

*Columbia**



FOR the first time in history the U. S. Navy saw fit to observe officially the birthday of its submarine service this year. April 11 was set aside for navy fleet and submarine commands to observe the 47th anniversary of the navy's acceptance of its first undersea craft, the *Holland*, named in honor of its Irish-born American inventor, John Philip Holland, one-time parochial schoolteacher.

The Bikini tests and other experiments demonstrated that submarines are better adapted for survival than any other type of vessel in an age of guided missiles and atomic weapons. This bears out the words of Holland, who wrote in the *North American Review*, December, 1900, that the submarine torpedo boat is a "weapon against which there is no defense," and that it is erroneous to assert that those "sea devils" are simply weapons of coast defense or that they cannot live away from home and would never be available for war overseas. He predicted its usefulness in the pursuits of peace, especially "in the domain of science": with its aid "the bottom of the ocean will be safely explored at comparatively great depths." Witness the recent use of the submarine in Ad-

miral Richard Byrd's South Pole expedition and the dramatic submarine rescues of Americans caught on Bataan and the evacuation of war prisoners, not to mention the saga of the USS *Nautilus*, largest U. S. submarine, which brought refugee nuns and missionaries out of Bougainville on New Year's eve, 1942.

It was a long step from the little 53-foot submarine of 1900 to the present giant undersea craft of 300 feet. The submersible which arrived off the Newport, R. I., torpedo station 47 years ago, contained but one officer and five men, seeking instruction in manning the boat. Today's huge submarines, built at a cost of \$6 to \$8 million, have crews of 100 men and speeds up to 20 knots. The *Holland*, which could go only seven knots, cost the navy \$150,000. Accepted on April 11, 1900, it was not commissioned until Oct. 12 that year, by Lt. H. H. Caldwell, U. S. N., its commanding officer.

Despite the efforts of its inventor, the *Holland* was far from perfect, and was beset with many difficulties from the beginning. Once, when all preparations were made for a series of trials and exhibitions, she sank at her moorings. Someone had accidentally left a

*45 Wall St., New Haven, 7, Conn. June, 1947.

sea valve open. But this incident had an important bearing on the future development of the submarine. After raising the sunken sub, Mr. Holland found that he could not afford the expense of completely disassembling the motor to dry it. He took his problem to the electrical concern from which he had purchased the motor. Frank T. Cable, a company employee, dried the windings and other parts by converting one end of the double-ended motor armature into a generator and forcing current into the other end. The inventor asked Cable to join him in building submarines, and, with the title of trial captain, he became Holland's engineer in charge of operations. Cable later wrote his experiences in a little volume on *The Birth and Development of the American Submarine* (Harper & Bros., New York, 1924).

The idea of a submarine was not new with Mr. Holland, though he did contribute more to its development than any other inventor. Two of his early co-religionists contributed pioneer plans for undersea craft. Leonardo da Vinci, man of many accomplishments, about 1490 evolved an underwater device shaped as a rigid tube. The Dutch physicist, Cornelis van Drebbel, about 1640 invented a submersible. An underwater fighting craft, the *Turtle*, designed by David Bushneel, of Connecticut, put fear into the hearts of the British during the American War for Independence. Twenty years later, the Irish-American Robert Fulton evolved his famed *Nau-*

utilus, rejected by Napoleon because it could not go out and immediately sink the English fleet. During the American Civil war some desperate efforts were made with ironclads, the Confederate "Davids." All these attempts were studied by young John Holland. But it was not until the period of 1870 to 1900 that men like Holland and Simon Lake brought to the world the importance of developing undersea craft. To their perseverance and indomitable courage in the face of reverses and ridicule we owe much for the submarines which operated so effectively against Japan.

Although both Holland and Lake sold submarines to the navy, Mr. Holland won the race to sell the first one and sold many more than Lake. The Holland-type submarine became known throughout the world. Though now in the realm of legend, his original design of what a submarine should be, his ideas and practices are still among the basic principles in the latest class of construction. It was Holland who corrected faulty beliefs on arrangement of water ballasts.

Holland was born in Ireland in 1840. From the age of 17 he spent his spare moments thinking, planning, and reading the scanty literature on undersea attempts of his predecessors. In 1863, while at the North Monastery, Cork, he drew his first plans for a submarine, spurred on by reports of the use of ironclads in the American Civil war. However, he lacked funds to develop a workable model.

In November, 1872, the year Jules

Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* was published, Holland arrived in Boston, to join his mother and brothers. On a visit to the Boston public library he slipped on the ice and broke a leg. While recuperating he worked on his submarine plans and decided to earn enough money to build a model. The following year he went to Paterson, N. J., to teach school.

His determination to develop a workable submersible continued. As early as 1875 he had offered a design to the U. S. Navy but this was rejected as "a fantastic scheme of a civilian landsman." In 1877, he constructed his first experimental undersea craft, a crude, cigar-shaped, wooden affair, 14 feet long, propelled by a tiny steam engine. On a trial run it sank in the Passaic river; not till 1927 was it raised, and placed in a museum in Paterson, N. J.

Undismayed by his first failure, Holland received financial support for another try. The Fenian society (Irish Republican brotherhood) advanced him \$23,000 to build a full-size craft which they hoped could be sent across the Atlantic to sink the British fleet. Holland was not a Fenian, but he was interested in Irish independence. Denied access to the shipyard, a reporter penned a fanciful story about the sub and nicknamed it the *Fenian Ram*. Successfully launched, the boat made several runs in New York harbor. In 1883, it dived 60 feet and remained on the bottom an hour. Beached on the Connecticut shore one day by a disgruntled worker, the 31-foot *Fenian*

Ram today reposes as a memorial in a city park in Paterson.

A third boat was badly damaged in launching, in 1886. At this time Holland was assisted in his work by Lt. Edmund L. G. Zalenski, inventor of the dynamite gun. The enterprise terminated for lack of funds, but Holland continued his planning.

It was not until 1895 that Holland succeeded in getting a government contract to build a submarine according to navy specifications, for \$150,000. The J. P. Holland Torpedo Boat Co. (predecessor of Electric Boat Co., Groton, Conn.) proceeded with construction at the Columbia Iron Works, in Baltimore. It was called the *Plunger*. Mr. Holland's ideas were completely ignored, and so much interference came from the Navy Department's bureau of steam engineering that he abandoned the project and returned the advance money received.

Beginning with a meager \$5,000, all the capital he had left, Holland proceeded to construct another boat, unhampered by outside interference. In this he incorporated all the ideas which he was prevented from using in the *Plunger*. Built at Crescent shipyards, Elizabeth, N. J., this vessel, the *Holland*, was launched in 1898. The first submarine having any power by which it could run any considerable distance when submerged, it was equipped with a gasoline engine for surface propulsion and electric storage batteries and motor for submerged cruising. It measured 53' 10" long, had a 10' diameter and a 75-ton displacement. After

severe tests, this craft was accepted by the navy, and purchased for \$150,000 in 1900. Six more were ordered; Holland's company built those and also others for Britain, Japan and Russia.

Although it was available, the government did not use this boat during the Spanish-American war. Holland went to Washington, pleading for a chance to take his submarine torpedo boat to Cuba to destroy the Spanish ships in Santiago harbor and also to use it in countermining the harbor. His request was refused. But in 1900, speaking before the House Committee on Naval Affairs, Admiral Dewey, who along with certain members of Congress had witnessed the submarine's tests off Mount Vernon, declared, "If the enemy had two of those things at Manila, I never could have held it with the squadron I had."

In the spring of 1905, during the Russo-Japanese war, the first real test of a submarine of the Holland type occurred when Admiral Togo captured the Russ fleet after a torpedo-boat assault. In 1906, Holland retired from his submarine company and devoted his remaining years to independent planning in the field of submarine navigation. He is credited with

inventing a respirator for escape from disabled submarines. It is said that he also pioneered in the field of aeronautics, but did not complete a model. On one occasion he gave public credit to Msgr. Isaac P. Whelan, then rector of St. Patrick's cathedral, Newark, for encouragement given him in his early endeavors.

Holland died in Newark, N.J., Aug. 12, 1914, a few weeks after the opening of the 1st World War, in which the value of his submarine as a war weapon was proven. He is buried in Holy Sepulchre cemetery, Paterson. The newspapers of the day, for the most part, gave little or no space to his death, because of pressure of other news. However, the Newark papers gave its noted resident a fitting obituary, hailing him as "a lover of peace," pointing out that he spent his last few years planning the submarine as an instrument of disarmament rather than one of destruction. As Holland said, "I hope it will be the chief instrument in doing away with wars. It will not go forth with the idea of destroying, but of crippling or disabling, incapacitating as it were, from all use, everything it attacks, without the loss of a single life."



CANADIAN blind golfers have issued a challenge to blind golfers everywhere. The match is to be played in Toronto, Canada, on Friday, Sept. 5. Further particulars can be obtained by writing to R. W. Beath, Director of Recreations, Canadian National Institute for the Blind, 186 Beverley St., Toronto 2B, Canada.

Confirming by signs

Miracles Do Happen

By CLAUDE R. DALY, S.J.

Condensed from *Review for Religious**

Nor many years ago it was fashionable to assume that the marvelous events recorded by the Evangelists could not have happened, and critics of the Gospels set about finding the "real meaning" of the words they read. Now the fashion has changed. Everything is miraculous. It was the "miracle of logistics" that brought supplies to 8 million men scattered over the earth; radio and television engineers are preparing new "miracles" of science; new medicines are promised, more spectacular than the "miraculous" penicillin and sulfa drugs.

Now the word *miracle*, as used in the Church, has a technical meaning. A miracle is a visible event, of divine origin, that cannot be explained by natural laws.

Not every wonderful event can be called a miracle. As St. Augustine remarks, the governing of the universe is a greater wonder than feeding 5,000 men with five loaves of bread. There is a stupendous marvel of divine power hidden in every grain of wheat, if only men would stop to think about it. All nature is marvelous, but events that occur in the ordinary course of nature are not called miraculous. A miracle is an exception to the laws of nature. Men get so used to the wonders

of nature that they take them for granted; and men fail to see the attributes of God manifested in His creatures. Accordingly, God in His mercy reserves certain events which are beyond the ordinary course of nature and brings them about at opportune times. Those who pay no attention to the everyday wonders of nature will be struck by the miracle, not because it is more wonderful, but (to cite St. Augustine again) because it is unusual.

No matter how phenomenal an event may be, it is not miraculous if the laws of nature explain it. Sometimes a writer introduces a monk of the 13th century as a visitor to the modern world, and pictures him regarding everything he sees as miraculous. He sprinkles holy water on the radio to drive away the devil whose voice he hears; the fiery smoke-breathing dragon of a locomotive terrifies him; and other ridiculous details are added to suit the writer's imagination. Such a picture is based on the supposition that miracles are events whose natural causes men do not know, which is a false supposition. The monk would doubtless be amazed at the progress men have made in using the forces of nature. But he would not

*St. Mary's college, St. Marys, Kan. May 15, 1947.

consider it miraculous to sit at a radio in America and listen to the Holy Father speaking in Rome. Even in the 13th century it would not have been miraculous to use a radio; but on the other hand, to talk across the ocean without any instrument would be miraculous, even today. Men still do not know how much can be done by proper use of natural forces; but there are some things which men know nature cannot do. For instance, dead men do not naturally come back to life. Soviet scientists are reported to have revived persons who were "clinically dead"; that is, persons who gave no perceptible signs of life. But, according to the report, the longest time that has elapsed between apparent death and revival by their methods has been six minutes; after that time they have been unable to restore circulation to the brain. Such experiments are not examples of raising the dead. They merely confirm what is already widely known. "Clinical death" is not always the same as real death. In other cases, what happens may be natural enough, but the way it happens is beyond the powers of nature. People do recover from tuberculosis; but they do not recover instantaneously and perfectly after one immersion in cold spring water. The day may come when leprosy, cancer, and arthritis will be curable; but the treatment will be more complicated than kissing a relic or drinking Lourdes water.

Even Catholics sometimes call "miraculous" what would be better named providential. God can suspend the

laws of nature whenever He chooses and as often as He chooses; but in His ordinary providence He makes use of them. If a soldier's life is saved because his scapular medal deflects a bullet, he can certainly attribute his escape to the protection of the blessed Virgin; but it is not a miracle. A dime or a good-luck charm might have deflected the bullet just as well. God frequently answers prayers by means of unexpected coincidences, by playing one natural force against another. By means of His natural laws God cares for the lilies of the field and the birds of the air; by those same laws He takes much more care of us. God's ordinary providence is just as wonderful as His miracles.

Only the omnipotence of God can change the substance of bread into the substance of the Body of Christ. But this is not a miracle because it is not visible. The purpose of miracles is to call men's attention to the existence and power of God, or to some other religious fact. Whenever a man has claimed to be a messenger of God, his fellow citizens have always demanded that he show some sign of his divine mission. The same demand is made of the Church today since she claims to speak in the name of God. She points to the miracles of Christ and the saints, visible events, tangible proofs of her mission, whose meaning is easily grasped by everybody. Nature follows a course governed by fixed and well-known laws; and when men see something happen at variance with those laws, they recognize the intervention of a higher power.

The devil cannot work true miracles. When Moses and Aaron appeared before Pharaoh, they showed signs to prove they were sent by God. But Pharaoh sent for wise men and magicians to do whatever they did. Aaron, at Moses' command, cast down his rod, and it was turned into a serpent; the magicians likewise cast down their rods, which were turned into serpents. Aaron touched the river with his rod, and it was turned into blood; the magicians did likewise. Aaron stretched forth his hand upon the waters of Egypt, and frogs came up and covered the land; the magicians also produced frogs. But when the third plague came, in the forms of sciniphs on men and beasts, the magicians were unable to duplicate Aaron's performance. And they said to Pharaoh, "The finger of God is here." Whether they did their first wonders with the help of the devil, or by some sleight of hand (for which the Egyptians are even today famous), we cannot say. The histories of false mystics record a number of astonishing feats apparently performed with the aid of the evil spirit. But a genuine miracle is from God, and is *good in all its aspects*.

Miracles still happen. At least two miracles are required, in addition to proof of heroic virtue or of martyrdom, for the formal beatification of a servant of God; and for canonization, two further miracles must be wrought after beatification. Most frequently the favors alleged as miracles are cures, and the investigation determines first whether the person said to be cured is

actually cured. The second point is whether the fact alleged as a miracle can be explained by the laws of nature.

The fact is discovered as any fact is discovered in a court of law. Testimony is taken from the patient concerned, from the attending physician, from other doctors, the nurses, and other eyewitnesses. All witnesses testify under oath and are subject to cross-examination. Anyone (except a confessor) who has grounds for believing that the miracle is not genuine is bound to say what he knows, even though he is not asked. More recent cures are in general well documented. Hospital records are better kept than formerly, and X rays and other records are available to show the patient's condition.

Besides the usual witnesses, two experts are designated to inquire into the case. If they agree that there is no miracle, the case is rejected without further discussion. If one thinks there is a miracle and the other disagrees, the opinions of two other experts are sought. For cures, the experts are physicians and surgeons widely known for their knowledge and experience, and are preferably specialists in the disease alleged to have been cured.

Thus the facts are established. Such and such a person was sick of such and such a disease. On a definite date, in certain circumstances, the patient recovered. For example, Ida, aged 46, was treated with X rays for osteomalacia (softening of the bones due to a loss of mineral matter). From this treatment she received serious burns,

one about 15 by 12 centimeters, the other slightly less. The burns were considered incurable, not to say fatal. Particles of the relics of a saint were applied on September 3, 1922. Ida was instantly cured, not only of the burns but of the osteomalacia as well.

Another example: Alvin, as a ten-year-old boy, had been in poor health. There was tuberculosis in his family, and from infancy he was always suffering from one ailment or another. In June, 1925, he was sick, but the doctor said not seriously. However, before he recovered from this illness, he showed symptoms of a new disease, diagnosed as miliary tuberculosis. The virulence of the disease combined with the boy's general debility wrought such havoc that in a few days everybody concerned had given up hopes for his recovery. His mother had even made all the arrangements for the funeral and had selected the memorial card she wanted printed. But the rector of Alvin's college, who did not realize the gravity of his condition, organized a novena, beginning June 21. On the 25th, Alvin was definitely improved; and by the 29th, when the novena ended, Alvin's lungs were free from all signs of the disease and the boy was restored to perfect and lasting health.

The next step is to determine whether the facts, thus discovered, can be explained naturally. There are thousands of people who suffer from imaginary diseases; and their cures are just as imaginary. A hypodermic injection of salt water quiets the pangs of some

morphine addicts; and bread pills bring sleep to persons with insomnia. Emotional strain sometimes brings on symptoms of a real disease; but the symptoms disappear as soon as the strain is relieved. In August, 1946, the papers carried the story of a man who had been considered paralyzed for 20 years; when he saw his son return after five years of war, he threw away his crutches and walked. Functional diseases, in which the organ is structurally sound but for some reason does not work, sometimes disappear of themselves. Psychology textbooks describe how hysteria imitates other diseases.

Now all these oddities are well-known by the men who deal with alleged miracles; and if there is any probability of so explaining a cure, they reject the case. But there are definite limitations to natural explanations of sudden cures. An unconscious child is not going to be cured by suggestion; and it takes more than a strong emotional disturbance to heal a broken skull.

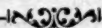
The only cases seriously considered are those concerned with organic diseases, where damaged tissue has been restored in an extraordinary way. The examples cited above are typical of the diseases cured; and a cursory glance at the miracles recognized in recent canonizations reveals cures of chemical burns, ulcerated tumors, tuberculosis, peritonitis, glomerulonephritis, and concussion of the brain. Such diseases cannot be cured by imagination, or emotion, or suggestion.

The most remarkable feature of miraculous cures is their rapidity. Most frequently they are instantaneous. At one moment the person is sick; at the next he is well. In other cases, the cure takes place in the space of a few days. There is no long period of convalescence; strength and vigor are restored without delay. The cures are lasting; cases where a relapse occurs are rejected.

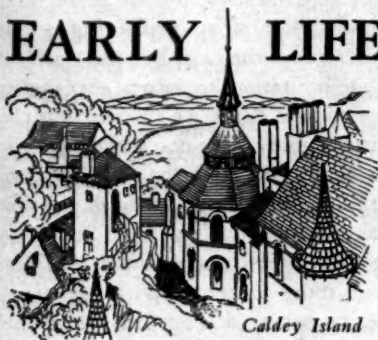
When the evidence has all been gathered and the investigating committees all agree that there is question of something beyond the powers of nature, the decision whether the cure is a real miracle or not is reserved, in

the causes of saints, to the Holy Father personally. In a general session of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, all the testimony is briefly reviewed; the cardinals, the prelates who were on the several boards, and the consultors give their opinions. The Holy Father usually postpones his decision for a few days while he prayerfully considers the matter. Then, if and when he chooses, he publishes his decree: "It is certain that a miracle has been wrought."

The Apostles preached everywhere, while the Lord confirmed their preaching by signs; the Church still preaches everywhere, and the Lord confirms her preaching.



EARLY LIFE



Caldey Island

THE founder and abbot of the first monastery following the rule of St. Benedict to be established in the Church of England since the Reformation, a man who was the friend of cardinals and archbishops and many of the leading laymen of England, has been living

Long road home

of a Prison Chaplain

By T. A. JARVIS

Condensed from the *Vancouver Sun**

and working in Vancouver for 25 years with most of those who know him being wholly unaware of the colorful history of his early life.

In other words, the Rt. Rev. Dom Aelred, O.S.B., Lord Abbot of Caldey, who established a monastic community there in 1901, and who in 1913 with most of the members of that community was received into the Roman Catholic Church, is none other than Father A. F. Carlyle, the hard-working

*Vancouver, B. C., Canada. March 29, 1947.

and much respected chaplain of St. Vincent's home who is even better known for his constant work among prisoners in the city jail, Oakalla prison, and New Westminster penitentiary.

Father Carlyle has had a career which is unique in many ways. The son of a civil engineer and grandson of an Anglican priest, he lived as a child in Argentina. There, in a well-to-do home, he had all the cultural aids a boy could desire. He learned elements of Spanish, French, and Italian; and Latin and Greek were added.

It was as a boy in South America that a book in his father's library, *Monks and Monasteries*, first turned his mind to the religious life. The call of that life never left him. Sent back to finish his education in England, young Carlyle became a medical student, and was well on with his course when his vocation to the religious life led to his abandoning a secular career in which great gifts of heart and mind would undoubtedly have led to worldly brilliance.

As a youth in London, Aelred Carlyle came under the influence of the Anglo-Catholic movement in the Church of England, and the revival of Catholic practices in the established church, both in doctrine and ceremonial, appealed strongly to him. About this time he was received as an oblate in a little lay brotherhood founded by the Anglican Father Nugee, in 1870. From this time forward he was known as Brother Aelred.

A little later Brother Aelred was led on to form a Religious Community within the Church of England. A few other young laymen of like mind joined him, and they observed rigorously the ancient monastic rule of life. At this time, the large Society of St. John the Evangelist, better known as the Cowley Fathers, was already in existence, and also the Community of the Resurrection at Mirfield, today the two largest and most influential of Anglican Religious Communities living under vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. But in the instance of Anglican-Benedictine monasticism, Aelred Carlyle was a pioneer.

Several temporary locations were chosen by the little brotherhood before they went to Caldey in 1901, and a great deal of ecclesiastical controversy subsequently developed in which Brother Aelred was naturally involved. The Anglo-Catholic movement had not reached the degree of recognition it has today, when Archbishops of Canterbury wear copes and miters as a matter of course and are buried in Canterbury cathedral with requiems, when liturgical worship with lights, vestments and incense is common, and when such practices as confession of sins and prayers for the dead excite no comment.

Brother Aelred was called a papist and a Romanizer, and his piety excited the same vulgar displays of ecclesiastical hoodlumism as news reports tell us are again occurring in England, where worship is being disturbed by zealots of what the Bishop of Durham,

Dr. Hensley Henson, once described as "the Protestant underworld"—and the Bishop was no Anglo-Catholic.

After brief periods in several other locations, including the Isle of Dogs, Brother Aelred and his Community settled on the Island of Caldey, off the coast of Pembrokeshire in Wales. Caldey is an island with a long history, and like Iona and Lindisfarne, was called in ancient days an "Island of the Saints."

Caldey island was bought for £8000 by Brother Aelred, the money coming from well wishers all over England. The Order's early need was for a chaplain, all the members being laymen. But the former owner of Caldey was an Anglican priest-schoolmaster, who spent a good deal of time there and was wholly in sympathy with the community. Both the liturgy and Offices were said in Latin according to the Benedictine tradition, and Roman ceremonial followed. Caldey was both extraparochial and extradiocesan, and the abbot was, as "Ordinary," a law unto himself in the governing of his Order.

The result of this ecclesiastical adventure, going a good deal beyond what had been done at Cowley and Mirfield, was criticism in many quarters. Most Anglican bishops were nervous, to say the least. But Brother Aelred did secure the formal approval of no less a person than the Primate of all England, Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, and secure in this knowledge he did not worry overmuch regarding the anxieties of other ecclesi-

astics. Dr. Temple permitted Brother Aelred's formal profession as an Anglican monk in 1898.

The next need was of Anglican orders. The community had no chaplain of its own. By law, no English bishop, even if willing, could give Brother Aelred anything but a parish appointment, and Brother Aelred was a monk living in Community. Eventually through the good offices of Lord Halifax (father of the present peer of that name), an American Episcopal bishop, who was also a Cowley Father, Dr. Grafton, Bishop of Fond du Lac, became interested in the Caldey community while visiting England, and with the consent of the Archbishop of York agreed to give Anglican orders to Brother Aelred if the latter would visit the U.S. This was done, and Brother Aelred returned to England, being later solemnly blessed as Abbot of Caldey by Dr. Grafton.

Lord Halifax was only one of many friends who helped the monks of Caldey. It was through an introduction effected by Abbot Aelred that Lord Halifax later met Cardinal Mercier, and there began the famous correspondence and "Malines Conversations" seeking ineffectively to find some mutually agreeable formula for reunion between the English and Roman Churches.

At that time Lord Halifax wrote of Caldey, "This is a very important stage in the history of the only strictly monastic community in the Church of England," adding, "Abbot Aelred has been able to win a position for the

Benedictine rule of life in the English Church which at one time seemed impossible."

Eventually, however, because of difficulties over their official recognition by the English ecclesiastical authorities, and owing, too, to the rise of Modernist thought in the Church of England, the monks of Caldey became troubled about their position, and the doctrinal security of the Church of England. "Comprehensiveness" was one thing; contradiction another. The appeal of Rome, with its unquestioned Orders (Anglican orders had been condemned by the Holy See in 1896) and vast tradition of universality, became greater as uneasiness over the Anglican position grew.

Eventually, after long discussions with the greatest of living Anglican theologians, and one who had himself deep sympathies with the Catholic position, Dr. Charles Gore, Bishop of Oxford, Dom Aelred and almost all of his community decided that they could not in conscience remain in the Church of England. In 1913 the Abbot of Caldey and 27 professed monks of the community renounced their allegiance to the See of Canterbury and were formally received into the Church of Rome by Bishop Mostyn of Menévia.

Soon after, Dom Aelred (now an ordinary layman) went to Rome for a private audience with Pope Pius X, and subsequently spent a year's novitiate with the Benedictines in Belgium, after which he was solemnly professed as a Benedictine monk and ordained to the Roman Catholic priesthood. But

the trials and anxieties of many years had undermined his health, and he had a serious breakdown.

Because of this, he was given permission in 1920 to come to Canada for a rest. Recovering his health, he took up missionary work in the Archdiocese of Vancouver, working in the Okanagan. Later still he was released from his obligations to the Benedictine Order, and subsequently took up in Vancouver welfare work of a kind that had always appealed to him since early days of living among the thieves who infested Turk's Row in the Isle of Dogs. The down-and-out have always been his friends.

Father Carlyle has been in Canada 25 years. As a jail chaplain, some 7,000 people "in trouble" have passed through his hands. It has been a ministry of help that has won him friends all over Canada wherever are to be found "jail alumni," many of whom have been led back to the "straight and narrow" by his wise guidance. With wisdom, shrewdness, humor, patience, insight, firmness and love he puts into practice the old rule, "Hate the sin but love the sinner." And with that, he has his reward in the knowledge that the wayward love him and trust him, and thereby find a way to new living. Some day, he still says, when his work is finished, he may return to end his days in a Religious Community. For the present, the world, the flesh, and the devil provide him a sufficient battleground on which to offer weary warriors "the whole armor of God."

The Augustinians

By THOMAS F. GILLIGAN, O.S.A.



ST. AUGUSTINE was a versatile saint. Though in his youth he was profligate in his morals and eclectic in his philosophy, a sophisticate, a liberal, a worldly hedonist, he had a brilliant mind, a firm will, and a generous heart, gifts he used for thinking and praying himself into the faith of his mother, St. Monica. From the time of his conversion to his death, his mind and heart were devoted to the service of religion.

There is scarcely a field of human knowledge which he did not master. Scripture scholars look to him as a supreme authority; the historians of homiletics hail him as one of the world's great preachers. For some he is the great sinner who became a great saint; he is for them the humble author of the *Confessions*. Others think of him as the militant ecclesiastic who by his speaking and writing vindicated the Christian way of life in the dying world of paganism. Others still think of him as the great preacher, the kindly, lovable man of God who taught his people the truths of their religion in a language everyone could understand. In addition to all this, there are thousands of Religious who praise him as their Father in religion, the founder and teacher of their monastic way of life.

The appeal of his life's story might be reduced to the fact that he was so very human. This is discovered not only in the human weaknesses revealed with such superhuman self-abasement in the *Confessions*, but in his very touching and tender love for his mother, in his affection for the boon companions of his youth and old age, in the strength and power of his love for Christ, in the flaming zeal of his apostolate, in his kindliness and geniality. The words of Augustine are instinct with charity, not only in what he says but in the manner of his saying it. One sees it in the good will and courtesy of his approach to heretics, in the charming playfulness of his rhetoric, in the disarming friendliness of his controversial ripostes, in the affability of his letters to friends and associates.

He was a genius at the art of friendship. "I would not have been happy without friends no matter how abundant the carnal pleasures I enjoyed. I loved those friends for their own sake and I felt that I was loved by them in the same way," he says in the *Confessions*. In the *Soliloquies* he explains why he enjoys the company of friends, "so that we can all at the same time and in unity of heart seek our souls

and God." When Augustine wrote those words he was not yet baptized. It was inevitable that a man who found such a noble ideal in the association with his friends should turn to the religious life, to that "common life" which is, after all, only the consecration and spiritualizing of friendship. Furthermore, Augustine realized that for a man of his nature and temperament, complete self-renunciation was the only way to salvation. Other souls could live in the world and save their souls. Not he: for him the issue was clear-cut, God or concupiscence.

Usually converts begin to think about the religious life after they have entered the Church. In Augustine's case it was in part his attraction for a monastic form of life which led to his conversion. It is clear from the *Confessions* that the final impulse which urged him at last to return to God was the story of St. Anthony and the other holy monks of the desert. As he heard these stories from the lips of Pontitianus, Augustine faced the final crisis of his spiritual odyssey. Now at last he knew how salvation could be achieved, how his concupiscence could be conquered, how he would make unimpeded progress in that knowledge and love of God which hitherto he had wistfully but half-heartedly desired. In that well-known scene in the garden, one final struggle between flesh and spirit, sin and grace, shook his soul to its depths, but at long last, the victory was God's.

After Augustine's conversion and Baptism in 387 at the age of 33, he

returned to his native Africa. There, in his little native town of Tagaste, he spent three quiet years in seclusion with his friends. His days and nights were passed in prayer, fasting, and contemplation. His biographer, St. Possidius, says that "what God revealed to him during his contemplation and prayer he imparted to others, to those who were with him by discourses, and to those who were absent by writings." Though it was his own wish that he continue in the lay state, he was prevailed upon by the people of Hippo who presented him to Bishop Valerius for ordination to the priesthood. Five years later the same holy prelate advanced him to the episcopate.

Shortly after becoming a priest, Augustine established a monastery, and with the servants of God began to live according to the manner and rule of the Apostles. Even after consecration as bishop, he continued to live in the monastery with his monks. His life as priest and bishop had a two-fold character. It was contemplative and active. Fasting, prayer, meditation and the common life were blended with constant activity. If he had consulted his own desires, he would have preferred for himself and his monks a life devoted solely to contemplation. But the needs of the Church dictated otherwise. He threw himself with fervor into the work of the active ministry and he ordained many of his monks to do the same. These became in turn bishops and leaders of the Church. They, too, established monasteries in their dioceses. For his own subjects, as

well as for the pious women who wished to follow their example, Augustine wrote that great rule which is one of the keystones of monasticism.

The personality of Augustine gave to his monastic establishment its peculiar spirit. To live according to that spirit, the ideal Augustinian will be one who, like his founder, loves the common life because it is a return to apostolic simplicity and poverty. He will love the austerity of the religious life, as his holy Father did, because it represents the best security against the storms of concupiscence, the best way to know and love God and to save one's soul. The true son of Augustine will imitate his Father in this, too, that he will have a love for a life of study, meditation and prayer, but will also, as the needs of the faith require, do active service for the Church. Finally and above all, if he is to be at all like Augustine, he will be a man of charity both within and outside his monastery. His brethren will be, above all, his friends in Christ. His association with them will be characterized by fraternal affection, mutual assistance, and a deep sense of loyalty. In his ministry among the faithful he will be kind, genial, sympathetic, fatherly. In short, the veritable Augustinian will be another Augustine.

"The blessed Augustine," says Possidius, "at the request of the people, gave to various churches, and some of these were of great importance, about ten holy, venerable, continent, and learned men whom I myself have known. Going forth with the resolve

of the saints, these men, while they labored for the welfare of the churches, established new monasteries round them. Encouraging arduous study, based upon the Word of God, they prepared members of the Brotherhood for the priesthood of other churches, and thus were the saving doctrines of faith, hope and charity diffused not only through parts of Africa but also beyond the seas."

Even during the saint's lifetime, his monastic institute was growing. At the time of his death in 430 there were monasteries all over Africa. As he lay dying the Vandals were besieging his episcopal city. It seemed certain that his monasteries would fall prey to the fierce and cruel Arian zealots. But, though many monks and virgins were martyred, the houses did survive and flourish. They were not so fortunate, however, in the Moslem persecution of the 8th century: Catholicism in Africa was completely destroyed. By this time, though, the spiritual sons of Augustine had already made foundations in Europe.

During the eight centuries from Augustine's death to the Grand Union of 1256, monasteries of men and women following his rule, living according to his spirit and calling themselves by his name, were established in many countries of Europe. For the most part they were separate and independent establishments, though many were united in various Congregations. The 13th century brought order and unification to the innumerable monastic institutes of the Church. In the Bull

of Pope Alexander IV, April 3, 1256, all Augustinian Hermit Brethren were united into one mendicant Order. By the end of that century, convents of the Order existed in every country of the continent as well as in England and Ireland. At the time of the Protestant revolt there were 30,000 Augustinian monks in 25 provinces.

In the Augustinian calendar the names of St. Augustine and St. Monica, of course, hold first rank. Then there are the holy companions of the founder, St. Possidius and St. Alypius and the many confessors and virgins who were martyred in the African persecution. Among the other canonized Augustinians, the best known are St. Nicholas of Tolentine, St. John of Sahagun, St. Thomas of Villanova, St. Clare of the Cross, and St. Rita of Cascia. There are more than 50 Brothers and Sisters who have been beatified, including an archbishop and a lay Brother, preachers and cloistered nuns, an Englishman, Germans, and Japanese; a doctor of the University of Paris in the 13th century and a master of novices in the 19th. The Order considers it its special mission to promote devotion to Our Mother of Consolation, Our Mother of Good Counsel, Our Lady of the Divine Maternity and Our Lady of Grace.

It would be expected that sons of St. Augustine would be, like their founder, men of learning and letters. As early as 1288 each province of the Order was directed to send students to the University of Paris. The first Augustinian professor there was Aegidius

(or Giles) of Rome, the celebrated pupil and defender of St. Thomas, who obtained his chair in 1285. Throughout the whole of the Middle Ages scholars of the Order were to be found at Paris, Rome, Bologna, Vienna, Salamanca, Cambridge, Oxford, and all the great universities of Europe. Many became bishops and cardinals, legates of the Holy See, peacemakers among Christian princes and kings, theologians of the Church Councils, patrons and advisers of the great men of the Renaissance.

In the same century which saw the defection of Martin Luther, Augustinians were to be found among those who brought a new spirit of progress and reform to the venerable Church. The blood of a Blessed John Stone, martyred under Henry VIII, was not shed in vain. At the Council of Trent, which was Catholicism's answer to the prophets of the Church's doom, the greatest single name among the delegates was that of the Augustinian, Cardinal Seripando. In the same age John Hoffmeister, the precursor of St. Peter Canisius, was striving mightily to save Bavaria for the faith. In distant Spain, Fra Luis de Leon was penning his immortal religious verse in the best spirit of this golden age of Christian mysticism. St. Thomas of Villanova was sending the missionaries of the Order to the new world. In 1533 they arrived in Mexico. Fifteen years later they took a prominent part in the founding of the first university on the North American continent, the University of Mexico, whose first rector was an August-

tinian. In 1551 they came to Peru. In 1549 a missionary journey was completed by four Augustinians who returned to Mexico after a hazardous exploration which included a stop at the Philippine Islands, a visit to St. Francis Xavier at Amboino, and a voyage thence to Japan.

The Augustinians have been in the U. S. since 1794. In that year, only five years after George Washington became president, Father John Rosseter came to Philadelphia from Dublin. In 1801 the first church of the Fathers, old St. Augustine's, was completed. This became headquarters for missionary enterprise which brought the zealous friars all over the eastern seaboard. Most of the foundations of the Order in the dioceses of Boston, Albany, and Philadelphia date from those pioneer activities. In 1842 an estate was purchased 12 miles from Philadelphia. This foundation, which they called

Villanova, became the new mother-house, seminary, and college. The Fathers now engage in the preaching of missions and retreats, in teaching in high schools and colleges, and in ministering to the faithful in parishes. They are to be found in the dioceses of Albany, Camden, Boston, Ogdensburg, New York, Philadelphia, San Diego, Los Angeles, and Havana. A new province for the Midwest was founded in 1940, which includes schools and parishes in the dioceses of Lansing, Detroit, Tulsa, Rockford, Chicago, and Milwaukee.

The preparatory seminaries of the provinces are St. Monica's at Oconomowoc, Wis., and Augustinian Academy, Clove Road and Howard Ave., Staten Island, N. Y. The novitiate is at New Hamburg, N. Y., the collegiate is at Villanova college, and the School of Theology is St. Augustine's in Washington, D. C.



Dig Down; Dig it Up.

Now a Spoon and Now a Cup

THE librarian at St. Bonaventure's college received a request from a man in New York asking for a book that would contain the verification of the following incident in the life of St. Bonaventure.

The Seraphic Doctor was washing and drying the community dishes when the messengers came from the Pope with the official announcement that he had been created a cardinal of the Church. St. Bonaventure is said to have asked them to wait outside until he was finished with the dishes.

"That story," his letter said, "I have heard years ago; and though I do not doubt it, I would appreciate reading it in an authentic life of the great man, because it has been my inspiration for the past 18 years as a dishwasher here in New York."

St. Bona Venture (12 Jan. '45).

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RUSSIA *and the Vine*

By JOHN S. HARRINGTON, S.J.

Condensed from the *Oregon-Jesuit**

"**P**REEMEETYEY A YADEETYEY," a clear, melodious voice began to chant. There was no other sound in the crowded chapel as the solemn chant continued. The words were in the old Slavonic language, akin to modern Russian. But they had the same meaning as the words Christ spoke at the last supper and they had the same effect. A Catholic priest was saying Mass.

Somewhere in Soviet Russia, the same liturgy was being enacted. Throughout the world, 150 million people belong to churches which use this liturgy. Yet only 7 million of them are in communion with Rome.

I looked up at the dignified, bearded Jesuit at the altar. I could almost feel the magnetism of Calvary pulsing from this sanctuary to every corner of the earth.

I was watching the Byzantine liturgy for the first time. At first, the incense, the long prayers, and the deep atmosphere of mystery had magic-carpeted me to the days of the great Saints Basil and John Chrysostom. I was back in Constantinople in the early Christian era, when that city was the hub of the Roman empire. The splendor of a great Christian civilization radiated from this new Rome, and close to

the heart of this civilization was the very liturgy in which I was now sharing. In those days, power and culture belonged to the East. The haughty Byzantine capital of the world had eclipsed old Rome in all but one respect: old Rome was still the head of Christendom, the city of the Popes.

Up to the consecration, my thoughts were on a pilgrimage. Ancient and holy basilicas loomed on every side. In each, the timeless holy Sacrifice went on. But today, Constantinople is neither great nor Christian. Yet Eastern Christianity is not dead. Slowly it dawned on me why this priest had been ordained in the Byzantine rite of the Catholic Church. This liturgy is no mere heirloom of bygone centuries, but a link with the future. Like all things Catholic it is fresh, bursting with life. Here was the spot on the True Vine at which God would most likely regraft the separated churches of the East.

Now the priest was elevating the Discos of leavened, consecrated Hosts and the chalice of Christ's Blood. I thought of the Orthodox again and smiled at the futility of Stalin's efforts to paganize them. It was pleasant to realize that Russia's iron curtain is more fragile than a tabernacle veil. At every Orthodox liturgy, those millions

*516 Empire State Bldg., Spokane, 2, Wash. May-June, 1947.

walled off from Christ find Christ within their walls. The world's First Catholic Priest is Rome's fifth column in Moscow.

The choir began to sing *Dostoyno yest*, a hymn of praise of the ever blessed and sinless Mother of God. Over soviet land the same song daily reaches heavenward like the trusting hand of a toddling child. No wonder that when Mary appeared over Fátima, Portugal, in 1917 she desired that the Holy Father consecrate Russia to her Immaculate Heart and foretold its conversion. I recalled that Pius XII had made this consecration of Russia and the world in 1942.

If you have read this Holy Father's encyclical, *The Glory of the Eastern Church*, you will understand the Church's attitude toward the oriental schismatics. I can convey it only in the portrait of a tall, white-robed Father whose pensive gaze is ever eastward, along the road the prodigals took in 1054.

The congregation was beginning to go up for Communion. I went up, too. With a small golden spoon the priest took a cube-shaped host from the chalice, moist with the Precious Blood, and placed it into my mouth. My distractions continued. I couldn't help dwelling on the fact that the separated churches, too, retained this sacrament, and the other sacraments as well.

The priest and the choir continued to sing. I wasn't making much of a thanksgiving. From this Catholic service, I kept drifting in imagination to the many churches in which the same

liturgy was unfolding like some precious blossom. Here it was a blossom on the vine; in the dissident churches, it was a cut flower, radiant with borrowed life.

I understood now why Father John Ryder, the priest at the altar, considers himself a missionary. His heart is in Russia. Father Ryder is English, not Russian. After successful studies in two English universities, he began a career of engineering. Then came his vocation to the Society of Jesus. His early training was uneventful. During his theological studies in Rome, the Jesuit General allowed him to train for the Russian rite. He was ordained in that rite by a Polish prelate, Bishop Chernetsky, who is now a Soviet prisoner.

Despite my reverie, I was missing nothing of the solemn drama at the altar. My eyes were on the Mass. Yet the profound reality before me made psalms of my reflections, psalms which blended lyrically into the mellow background afforded by the choir.

Have you ever heard a Russian choir? Nowhere is such harmony excelled. Rimsky-Korsakov first lent his talent to harmonizing the old Muscovite chants. Other artists, such as Gretchaninov, Rachmaninov, and Chernokov, continued the work. I glanced at the translation of the chant they were singing. "We have seen the True Light. We have received the Heavenly Spirit. We have found that true faith, worshipping the Undivided Trinity, for It has saved us."

There were other prayers. Finally

the priest, holding a crucifix in his hand, invoked a solemn blessing on the congregation. I realized that I had been witnessing a liturgy older than our own and equally Catholic. No wonder Father Ryder is willing to give his full time to the few Russian Catholics in Los Angeles. No wonder he yet hopes to go among those other Russians who have a Catholic liturgy but lack a Catholic faith.

Father Ryder was now standing at the Iconostasis ready to pass out blessed bread. As I walked up the aisle to kiss the cross the priest held in his hand and to take a piece of the blessed bread, I was still pondering the question of Church unity. It occurred to me that only a miracle of God's providence could have preserved the Orthodox church as it has been preserved. If God had not meant to reunite it to Rome, it seemed to me He would have let it disintegrate.

I ate the blessed bread, which is intended to remove any particles of the sacred Species that might remain in the mouth, and started back to my place. A glance at the congregation convinced me that most of them were deeply moved by the liturgy. I wondered what it would be like with a real Russian congregation. Russian-speaking people can follow the Old Slavonic fairly well. And the Orthodox? It had always seemed something of a puzzle why the separated churches, the very ones that denied the supremacy of the Pope, should be called Orthodox. I saw it now. The liturgy, the prayer of the Church, is their way

of teaching. The prayer is orthodox. Every word and gesture of the liturgy is as it was before the break from Rome.

There are some points of difference. Prejudice keeps many millions from re-entering the fold, but the prejudice is cultural rather than religious. To the eastern schismatics the changeless dogmas of Christianity are limited to truths taught in the first seven councils of the Church, and in the liturgy. The great convert, Vladimir Soloviev, the Russian Newman, pointed out that the Russian church held that no doctrine opposed to Catholic truth obliged assent from the Russian faithful. Even the error of according the Pope only a primacy of honor, denying that he is God's vicar upon earth, is not an official teaching. It is the common belief; but it is not held as an unshakable dogma.

Now the Mass was over. The chapel was beginning to empty. The priest was unvesting. I stayed. The spiritual beauty of the rite, the almost mystic prayerfulness, had been a holy and aesthetic tonic. My distractions, my preoccupation with Russia, had opened vistas seldom opened to Western Catholics. Perhaps even most Eastern Catholics have not yet realized the importance of their own liturgy in the supranational Catholic Church. Catholicity is not a matter of ritual. It is a matter of living unity. It is oneness with the true Vine, Christ.

As I lingered to whisper a short prayer for Russia, long rays of morning sunlight splashed from the chapel

windows. The icon of our blessed Mother seemed to smile as the glad sunbeams melted over it. The idea of a crusade of prayer for Russia came to mind. I had forgotten that Leo XIII had, long ago, begun this crusade: the prayers he ordered said everywhere after each low Mass for the solution of the Roman question are now offered all over the world for the conversion of Russia.

The icon was still smiling. I began to wonder how an icon of our Lady of

Fátima would look. My imagination fell to painting one: the immaculate Virgin, maidenlike, yet motherly; the fascinated, but not frightened, shepherd children. I was fond of the picture. Some day such an icon will be made. Its title will be Our Lady of Moscow. I toyed with the thought of legendary paintings that have been said to speak. I would like to ask a question. The conversion of Russia? Would it be soon? The icon was silent; but I knew.



Paradise for France

ON JULY 23, 1944, an AAF Liberator on its 44th mission was crippled during a bombing run over Munich. Captain Forgenfree, unable to get the ship back to the base in central Italy, took it over the French Alps and ordered the crew to bail out. Out went Carl Pucharzina, Texas; Stanley Radzenski, New York; Eddie Tyszczyk, Indiana; Paul Petersen, Michigan; Joseph Bonczek, Pennsylvania; Michael Bissk, Iowa; William Hensley; Stanley Radziewski; Mauriss Wycoff; Raymond Swedzinski. The captain jumped last.

They all came down in a spot encircled by the enemy, but were immediately taken over by the underground of L'Oisans, commanded by Leader Paradise.

L'Oisans, liberated June 6 by the underground army, was anticipating a

strong attack from the Germans, who had already begun to surround it within a radius of about 30 miles. Nevertheless, come hell or high water, Paradise gave the Americans a royal welcome and kept them under cover during the German attack. After many dangers and sufferings for the underground of L'Oisans, France was liberated, and the American fliers got home safe and sound.

In recognition of their service, the American government recently decorated Mr. Joseph Perrin (alias Leader Paradise) with the Medal of Freedom. He has also received from his own country the *Croix de Guerre* with a vermilion star, and the *Médaille de la Résistance*.

Leader Paradise is now Paris editor of the French edition of the CATHOLIC DIGEST.

"Rightist" in both meanings

Sister

Margit

By HAL LEHRMAN

Condensed from the
*Commonweal**



SISTER Margit Slachta is 61. Silver hair pulled back flat and tight into a knot makes her small face look smaller, and highlights the twinkle in her eye. The twinkle gives her away. It doesn't match the solemn gray convent dress she wears, nor the white-dove emblem dangling from a steel necklace on her bosom where a row of decorations ought to be. Her voice is gentle, but it has been heard across Europe and even in America, where the Order which she founded has several houses in the West.

The center of the Sisterhood of Social Service, of which Sister Margit is foundress and world superior, is a dumpy, gray building, topped by a cupola and a cross, at the corner of Stefania and Thokoly Aves. in Budapest. The gateway has a placard with the single word *Monastery* in Russian, a memento from the first days of Soviet liberation, when religious buildings wore special notices to keep off Red army looters.

The convent is the best "hotel" in the still shell-battered Hungarian capital. During winter it manages to produce hot water twice a week despite the coal shortage, and some radiators have been known to come to life on

occasion. Most transient Americans stay there. A batch of girls from the State Department's mission to Hungary occupies the third floor. Occasionally even a few stray correspondents are carefully sequestered on the ground floor; but they usually move to less hallowed ground because the convent's mood of persistent kindness is too much for their sinful souls.

Sister Margit has been a rebel so long that Hungary would be shocked if she began conforming now. As a girl in her native Kassa, now part of Slovakia, she was expected to train herself for the ornamental existence suitable to a young lady descended from 12th-century Hungarian nobility and Polish kings. But she insisted on earning diplomas as a qualified teacher of history, literature, Hungarian, German, and French. Then, instead of the schoolroom, she turned to the slums.

She began her social-welfare career before she was 20. Her first self-imposed assignment was scrubbing the lice out of the heads of Gypsy children. At 24 she became the first Sister to take the vows in a new Religious Order called the Social Mission Association. She chose this society because its rules

*386 4th Ave., New York City, 16. May 16, 1947.

permitted members to live in the world rather than apart from it.

In 1909 she made her first speech, on woman's rights in industry. It was also the first speech by any woman to a public meeting in Hungary. She was petite and beautiful then, "like a French doll." She progressed steadily from organizing women for social service to organizing them for political action. In 1918, with capture by women of the right to vote, her Christian Women's Camp went into the national elections. Sister Margit went forth to preach that women should vote for women.

The Hungarian communist revolution interrupted the test of this novel strategy. She disagreed with the new regime, of course. But characteristically, she obtained authorization to set up an agricultural cooperative, rented some land on the Buda side of Budapest, and began farming with 100 farmhands, counts, priests, ex-bureaucrats, intellectuals, and various disgruntled have-nots. Visiting commissars found her in the fields with the rest, since the rules of her Order prescribe manual labor daily. (Even now she washes dishes each morning.)

The communists fell. Rumanians occupied the country. Sister Margit kept objecting. When Rumanians prohibited meetings, she led a parade of 35,000 in a silent protest march through central Budapest. The filming of this procession constituted the first Hungarian newsreel, another "first" in the little Sister's precedent-making career.

Then came the "Christian" regime of Admiral Horthy, and this, too, failed to sweeten Sister Margit's public disposition. It was the time of the so-called White Terror, when the Hungarian proto-fascists became the first in Europe to discover that "Down with Communism" was a convenient slogan for persecuting democrats and Jews. She pilloried the "Christian" regime as un-Christian and won her first claim to the gratitude of the Jews by brave denunciation of pogroms.

The postponed elections finally came off in 1920. Sister Margit ran against three men in her district, one a bigwig in the government party. Her opponents didn't have a chance. The Camp mobilized an army of women for campaign work. Their heroine won.

Her first speech to Parliament laced into the smug upper classes for the high death rate among workers' children. She urged and secured parliamentary vote for a nursing system in Hungarian schools. She disapproved of horse racing, but proposed an increase in the betting tax for charity; today the race track is Budapest's main source of income for poor relief.

The champion of women's rights favored including women in land distribution under the agrarian reform bill. She believed in women's obligations, too, and insisted that women should be included in a law against black-marketeers. In one of her best speeches in Parliament she demanded more humane treatment for political prisoners. The prisoners were com-

munists whom now she assails for brutal treatment of their prisoners.

Then came Sister Margit's great rebellion inside her Order. She was a die-hard Royalist. She thought that all Hungary's woes stemmed directly from the Battle of Budaors in 1921, when the troops of Admiral Horthy squelched King Karl's attempt to regain the throne. Inconveniently, her mother superior happened to be a great admirer of Horthy. Margit was told she might continue political work only if she promised to refrain from advocating restoration of the monarchy. She refused. She stopped going to Parliament. The disagreement between the two women widened into a total breach over the whole issue of secular activity. Finally Margit, with half the Community, founded her Sisterhood of Social Service.

The new Order was penniless. Everything had been left with the other group. All the Sisters therefore went to America and found jobs as domestics, governesses or seamstresses to earn some money.

Sister Margit ("My English it is funny but the people were very kind with me") spent the time lecturing back and forth across the U.S. The other Sisters showed me a fat book of faded American press clippings. The little Hungarian noblewoman evidently made a big impression on church societies and women's clubs. In 1939 the pro-nazi Hungarian government passed a law ousting Jews from nearly all employment. The Women's Camp held mass meetings, signed pe-

titions, and deluged the authorities with protests. "We made the people ashamed of themselves," one of the Sisters told me, "but the government was too much under German influence to protect the nation's honor. Parliament passed one anti-Semitic law after another, as if it had nothing to do except torment the Jews."

One evening Sister Margit stood in a great public meeting and denounced the state's pro-nazi tendencies. The infuriated Germans forced the foreign ministry to bring her into court. She was sentenced, appealed, was re-sentenced, re-appealed, and the supreme court dismissed the charge. When a land "reform" law dispossessing Jews from estates and farms was promulgated, Sister Margit wrote a thunderous pamphlet of protest. For this she was again brought to trial, condemned twice, and finally acquitted.

Sister Margit knew she would have to make a great decision the day the Germans openly converted Hungary from a puppet into an occupied country on March 19, 1944. "I saw I would have to choose between the laws of God and the laws of my country," she said quietly, as she handed me a very unheroic cup of tea. When the expected wave of direct physical persecution of the Jews broke, she was ready.

The cellar of the convent had been stocked with heavy provisions for the 24 Sisters, 16 novices and 20 paying old ladies who were the permanent residents. The venerable boarders and all but ten of the Sisters were evacuated to the country. Four buildings

surrounding the convent were taken over and placed under the protection of a variety of neutral foreign interests including the Swedish Red Cross, the Swedish and Swiss legations, and the papal legate. An emergency marketing drive quickly filled the other basements. Organizations and amateurs working at the rescue of Jews from murder and deportation were notified that shelter was available.

Before long the hiding places under Sister Margit's care were crammed with hundreds of the hunted. When every last bathtub was occupied and there was no room for more, the Sisters perfected a technique for spiriting their charges out of Budapest to remote provinces. Sister Margit sanctioned wholesale manufacture of false identity papers, the dressing of refugee women in robes of the Order, the smuggling out of men in wardrobe trunks and children in suitcases. The Sisters developed a passionate interest in tourism and became a familiar sight at Budapest railway stations.

As the anti-Jewish drive swelled in ferocity, the ingenuity of the Sisters kept pace. The police, struck by the suspicious quantity of seemingly bonafide nuns taking extensive holiday trips, began propounding tricky questions to test the Catholicism of the travelers. Several Jewesses did not know that they had to reply "bishop" and not "priest" when asked who had confirmed them, or that there were *seven* sacraments, not to be confused with the *three* Persons of the Holy Trinity. The "nuns" were caught. The

convent thereupon opened a course in "basic religion" for prospective escapees, "briefing" them thoroughly before each getaway.

Until almost the end, Sister Margit's fortress was safe under protection of the papal legate and the Red Cross. It was the only building in Budapest which did not fly the national flag when the Reich foreign minister, Von Ribbentrop, visited the city.

The Germans broke in only once. They dragged away 20 Jews to Gestapo headquarters. A sharp diplomatic protest followed within the hour. The Germans had to yield or tangle inconveniently with Stockholm and the Vatican. As a face-saver, the prisoners were transferred to a Hungarian police jail and from there brought back to the convent. Delivering them, the chief police inspector told Sister Margit, "The government cannot guarantee indefinite immunity for you. It would be safer for the Sisters if you promised now to send all these people away." The little superior gravely replied, "I will not promise this. We are more afraid of God than of your government." The chief inspector quietly went away.

But security ended at last. The Russian siege began in December, 1944, and lasted seven weeks. The Arrow Cross, worst of the Hungarian fascist groups, was in power. With shells and bombs crashing into the city day and night, gangs of nazi hoodlums ran amuck. They massacred 30,000 Jews before the Russians entered.

During this terrible period the refu-

gees went into total concealment. It was impossible to evacuate them because the city was surrounded by an inner ring of German troops and an outer ring of Russians. All exits led to the battle front. The Sisters locked some refugees up in coal bins below ground. Others lived for weeks in clothes closets. The convent also had some peculiarities in its construction. These became hideaways, too. I inspected them, but Sister Margit didn't want me to go into details: "We might need them again some day."

The nazis came for Sister Margit herself five days before Budapest fell. She is convinced that divine intervention saved her. When they came in she was upstairs, busy with household matters. While they searched, she went about from one room to another unconscious of her danger. The nazis came in through one door, she went out through another, like a Mack Sen-nett two-reeler.

That night she took refuge with the Dominican Fathers a few streets away. The nazis came back in the morning. They tortured two Sisters and beat up a few others but failed to extort a clue. When the Russians arrived, Sister Margit was at the door to greet them.

Immediately after liberation the dispersed Sisters launched an emergency drive to relieve the acute misery in Budapest. They set up first-aid kitchens and day homes; they organized barter exchanges where one could swap furniture for food and paintings for shoes; they collected cast-off clothing for people who had lost everything

in the siege; they distributed seeds for truck gardening; they did a hundred other things.

But Sister Margit kept an eye cocked on the outside world. Within two weeks she asked the leftist government for permission to resume her newspaper. The new regime anticipated little support from the *Catholic Royalist*. The reply was that no paper was available.

Sister Margit kept on requesting, month after month. Finally a first number was allowed to appear in September. The new regime was right. *The Voice of the Soul* cried out passionately against the activities of the political police, which, in genuine zeal to purge Hungary of the fascists, of whom there are many, had borrowed a bit too much of Gestapo technique. The government, said Margit, was confusing mere opponents of the regime with enemies of the country. She demanded that the guilty be tried and the innocent freed.

This outburst failed to endear her to the authorities. Margit's application for admission of the revived Women's Camp to the Budapest municipal elections was rejected. She then ran on the ticket of the Smallholder party, which won a landslide victory over the Communist-Social Democrat coalition. The Smallholders would have won anyway, but the name of Slachta undoubtedly added votes to their total.

In Parliamentary elections a month later, the Agrarians declined to accept her on their lists. They said they didn't want too big a majority, because the

country needed an all-party fusion government. (Actually the Soviet occupation army ignored the results of the election and maintained communists in key positions of power.) Sister Margit joined the Citizens' Democratic party, a splinter group opposed to communists, and was elected anyway.

In present-day Budapest, Margit is labeled a reactionary. Well, it is true she detests leftism and has a very small opinion of Karl Marx. But she is pas-

sionately radical in the cause of individual freedom. I lived in her convent for a week and learned to know her well. In our last conversation I asked her what she considered the most outstanding event of her unorthodox career. "In 1943," she replied, "my Sisters had to elect a Superior for the Hungarian branch. This was during the dark and brutal days of fascism. They picked Paula Ronai. Sister Paula was born a Jewess."



This Struck Me

OUR CONCEPTIONS of the afterlife, and our relations with others there, are of necessity only feeble natural attempts to envision the supernatural. Georges Bernanos has given us a striking reference to hell: "Hell is not to love any more." Mme. la Comtesse has nursed a hatred against God since the death of her baby son. The curé is trying to make her understand that in losing God she is also losing that little son for all eternity.

Hell is judged by the standards of the world, and still less of this Christian society. An eternal expiation! The miracle is that we on earth were ever able to think of such a thing, when scarcely has our sin gone out of us and one look, a sign, a dumb appeal suffices for grace and pardon to swoop down, as an eagle from topmost skies. It's because the lowest of human beings, even though he no longer thinks he can love, still has in him the power of loving. Our very hate is resplendent, and the least tormented of the fiends would warm himself in what we call our despair, as in a morning of glittering sunshine. Hell is not to love any more, madame. Not to love any more! That sounds quite ordinary to you. . . . Alas, if God's own hand were to lead us to one of these unhappy things, even if once it had been the dearest of our friends, what could we say to it? The sorrow, the unutterable loss of those charred stones which once were men, is that they have nothing more to be shared.

From the *Diary of a Country Priest* by Georges Bernanos (1937: Macmillan. \$2.75).

For similar contributions of about this length with an explanatory introduction \$25 will be paid on publication. We are sorry, but it will be impossible to acknowledge or return contributions. Acceptance will be determined as much by your comment as by the selection.

For those who won't talk

Psychological Torture

By T. J. M. SHEEHY

Condensed from the *Irish Catholic**

SOMEWHERE in a Soviet prison, Bela Kovacs, Hungarian democrat and secretary-general of the majority Small Holders party, is being subjected to the usual psychological torture which the Kremlin uses to extract "confessions." The methods used are much more refined and efficient than any devised by Hitler's henchmen, but until recently, little has been known about their detailed application.

Last June, in Dublin, M. Stypulkowski, a Polish patriot and Underground leader who had fought against Hitler and who later was tricked into imprisonment by the Soviet, gave a personal account of the methods used in Soviet prisons. M. Stypulkowski is the first man who has pleaded not guilty in a "Moscow trial," and one of the very few to reach the western world after such an experience. He was one of the Polish leaders who, on advice from London and Washington, contacted the Red army in the final battle against Germany. Under pretence of negotiating, and after guaranteeing their safety, the Soviet put the 16 in prison and denied all knowledge of their whereabouts, until they thought they had sufficient "confessions" to present to the San Francisco conference.

M. Stypulkowski tells how he was tricked into going to Moscow, and how he found himself delivered at the infamous Lubianko prison in a luxurious Soviet staff car. There during 70 days preceding his "trial" he was subjected, day and night, to 141 sessions of questioning. The length of the interrogations varied between three and 15 hours. He was questioned every night and most days. On entering the prison he was stripped and searched, and then taken to a small cell with green painted walls and a wire-netting window. It was on the third day he was first handed warrants charging him with sabotaging in the rear of the Red army.

His questioner was a major of the NKVD (secret police) who had full powers of life and death. This major, operating apparently on the usual plan, had three tasks: 1. to discover the prisoner's background and the details of his family, and to assess his mental and will power; 2. to play on the prisoner's imagination, ruin his mental balance, and destroy his sense of judgment; 3. to distort the prisoner's instinct of self-preservation.

At the first interrogation the major was affable. After cordial greetings he assured the prisoner his arrest was probably all a mistake, and pointed out

*36 Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin, Ireland. June 12, 1947.

that for routine purposes he needed to know, among other things, the whereabouts of M. Stypulkowski's wife and family. Fortunately his family's whereabouts were unknown, as they were either on the run from the nazis or in unknown German concentration camps. His companions, the other Polish leaders, were not so fortunate. In their cases, as he learned afterward, their families were located, and within a few days the prisoners discovered at their interrogations that sentimental and personal trinkets, belonging to their wives, mothers, and their children, were on the prosecutor's desk. No mention was made of the belongings or the fate of their owners. They were just left in sight to increase the prisoners' acute mental distress. In M. Stypulkowski's case, the first 15 sessions with his interrogator consisted mostly of statements, not questions. He had to sit with his hands on the table, facing a strong light. He was not allowed to glance even out of the corner of his eye. The major's main task appeared to be to keep him talking.

"You know best what you have done and what you have to tell," was his suggestion, but talk ranged over a wide variety of topics, the underground struggle in Poland, the situation in Bulgaria and Turkey, Britain and India, human character, and communism. For the first 15 sessions there was no attempt to bring up subjects connected with the "charges" made by the Soviet in Stypulkowski's case. "Let us get over this questioning. Your

country needs you. You must get back to work," was the attitude frequently adopted by the major in those early stages.

Then the tactics were varied. At one time the prisoner was persuaded he should be free and that there was every chance things would be all right almost immediately. From this the attitude switched to treating him as a "dirty spy" and assuring him that he could not depend on Anglo-American aid or protection. He was told that all was known, that his prosecutors had full evidence of his alleged sabotage. Many things also were hinted, but never clearly defined.

After a while, when physical and mental strain takes its toll, the prisoner, said M. Stypulkowski, almost believes the assertions made by his interrogator, who also hammers incessantly at the suggestion that the prisoner must try to regain his liberty, not merely in his own interest, but in the interests of his country. If the prisoner continues obdurate, the interrogator switches to threats of death, Siberia, concentration camps, always in vague terms.

The questioning alone is an almost inhumanly powerful factor; but hunger and sleeplessness are even more powerful methods. When the prisoner lies down to sleep in his cell, a powerful beam of light plays on his face. If he turns on his side to escape, the warder noisily enters the cell and gently turns him toward the light, whispering, "It is forbidden. I must see your eyes." The cell is cold, though not

freezing. If the prisoner, to get warm enough to sleep, puts his hands under the blanket, the warder again enters and gently puts his hands outside the blanket, again whispering, "It is forbidden."

In the Lubianko prison, silence is a powerful torture. Warders whisper. When the prisoner is marched out for interrogation (and searched every time) his guards clear the path with clicking noises and small signs.

When an interrogation lasts through the night into the morning till 5 A. M. the prisoner is still forced to leave his plank bed at 6 A. M., the regulation time. Should he try dozing in a sitting position, his ever-watchful warder awakens him, gently but surely.

The hunger weapon is just as efficient. In German concentration camps, M. Stypulkowski told us, food was always served up in a filthy condition, which tended to repel even starving prisoners. In the Lubianko, the starvation diet is served by white-clad, spotless cooks into each cell and is most hygienically presented. The whole environment is calculated to increase hunger to a shocking degree. M. Stypulkowski's diet was: morning, two slices of bread and an enormous pot of boiling water; noon, water with cabbage leaves or a few fish bones; about 5 P. M., two spoons of barley. He found his circulation affected by his copious draughts of hot water, and a sensation almost of intoxication overcoming him.

After a time the dazed prisoner lives in a constant state of expectancy, wait-

ing for the door to open for the next interrogation, thinking of what he would talk about next time, trying to recall what he had said last time, and all the while driven nearly mad by hunger, lack of sleep, and by the silence which is broken only by whispered orders. His eyes glaze, his feet swell, and slowly he becomes an automaton, striving desperately to think. His power of judgment is blunted. He is inclined to accept anything his interrogator tells him. He has a craving to get out of prison just to be able to think. He loses his will power and does not realize he has lost it, nor that his power of discrimination is also gone. He can no longer distinguish between fact and fantasy, between his own past actions and the ideas the "judge" suggests to him.

M. Stypulkowski reckons it is between the 40th and 70th session that "confessions" begin. Every incriminating "confession" is taken down and has to be signed, and gradually a case is built up. He himself felt things were getting bad about his 63rd session. The major had learned that he had a fine book collection till the Germans destroyed it. At this session the major produced a beautifully bound *Life of Lenin*, fingered it, and examined it. Then he gave it to the prisoner to feel and handle, to sooth him a little. Gently he assured the prisoner, "I am sorry for you, but happy to tell you my government is not keen on taking your life or sending you for 30 or 40 years to Siberia. We need men like you to help us. We need Europeans. The Ger-

mans have murdered the best brains and men in Europe. We are even enlisting our former enemies on condition that they are prepared later to become our true friends. You are not a capitalist. Your previous anti-nazi record is good. You are the type who should be cabinet minister in your country. You refuse to work for us. Very well! Work for Poland. For her sake you must work and prove your willingness to be our friend. The change may be difficult; but if you are able to testify that you are willing to collaborate you will be free."

The prisoner who is at his last gasp feels that his persecutors know everything. He is offered an easy way to freedom, a career, to fulfilling his duty to his country. He thinks he will select the things he will "confess," but once he starts, though he no longer realizes it, he has no power of will or judgment. He merely repeats his judges' statements. Rumors appear as facts.

M. Stypulkowski heard his own companions, most of whom had suffered over 200 interrogations, "confess" at their trial the most fantastic happenings, even going far beyond the Soviet accusations. Some days before the trial, final data and signed "confessions" were collected and the Soviet

Nuremberg prosecutor took charge. Prisoners were given cigarettes and good food and taken for walks; and two days before the trial were shaved, scented, their shoes cleaned, and suspenders and ties supplied. Breakfast of bacon and eggs was introduced, and the visitors generally prepared for the arc lights of a Soviet "trial."

M. Stypulkowski went into the dock and pleaded not guilty. He feels that had the trial been delayed long enough, he too would have broken down. His good fortune was the fact that Moscow had to rush the trial so as to answer pertinent inquiries at the San Francisco conference about the 16 missing Polish envoys. He also owes his light sentence and subsequent release to Moscow's desire to give the West some window dressing. After four months he was set free and returned to Poland. Eventually he escaped to the West, via Italy, to reveal Soviet "confession" methods, and their technique of psychological pressure which cunningly alternates between optimism and depression and plays on the tortured minds of a physically and mentally demoralized prisoner who desires only peace. The methods are diabolically effective, both on individuals and on national communities.



Halo-tosis

*F*ORMER explosive factories in Moscow are being transformed into factories for the production of perfumes. Tatjana Morzova, manager of one of them, hopes to produce 85 million bottles of perfume next year. One of her new scents is called "Stalin's Breath."

Die [Zurich, Switzerland] *Weltwoche* (15 Feb. '46).

Wives are like women

For Men Only

By
HUGH CALKINS,
O.S.M.



Condensed from a
radio address*

JANE called me up, all excited, almost hysterical. "This ends it, Father. I'm getting a divorce. Jack struck me today, and hard, too. He's mean and moody, never praises me for anything I do, always finds fault. When I spoke back sharply, he hit me. I won't stand that."

I calmed down the storm; we got Jack to agree that all three of us would talk it over that night. "Sure, I'm all wrong for striking her, Father," Jack admitted. "But she's too touchy, too sensitive. Just because I don't rave about her meals, the house, the way she minds the babies—and I'll admit she's wonderful about all this—she gets mad. Then she says mean things about me and my family. I blew my top and hit her."

Then I spent two hours showing Jack what he really knows but so easily forgets, like so many other self-centered males. "Can't you see, Jack, that telling the boys at work about what a great wife she is means nothing, if you don't tell her. Raving to me about how you love her and regret hitting her means nothing, unless you take her in your arms and really assure her how sorry you are." Why are husbands so forgetful of such a simple fact in human relations?

Jane had no other means to fight his harsh bulldozing ways than with sharp remarks. Jack could understand her if she hit back at him physically; he seemed puzzled that she struck back with a mean tongue.

It's a constantly recurring wonder to me to see husbands and wives fail to see how each provokes the other. They'll argue endlessly about who's right or wrong and yet find no solution. It's not a question of who's logically right or wrong but a question of "how can we cooperate?" In the average conflict, both parties are justified in their demands. Logically each can prove his own case. But what is really important is the attitude of being willing to bear with each other's faults and work out a cooperative agreement. There is no perfect technique to solve domestic problems, be they economic or social or sexual. But the spirit of cooperation is the beginning of all solutions.

Another family quarrel was caused by jealousy. A devoted couple with two children shared an apartment with another couple. The husband misunderstood his wife's flattery of their landlord; he was convinced she was in love with the landlord and accused her of infidelity. She was so deeply

**Faith in Our Times Program, by National Council of Catholic Men. MBS. Feb. 6, 1947.*

hurt by these completely false charges that she refused to be the least bit affectionate toward him. In his poisoned mind this frigidity was final proof of her infidelity. Then the poison worked deeper. Each glance, word, action was circumstantial evidence proving that his wife was unfaithful. Yet since they had to remain, sharing the apartment with the landlord and his wife, life became almost unbearable.

They came to see me. Careful checking of all facts proved the husband's suspicions utterly groundless. His wife was attentive to the landlord only to flatter him, to help keep their place as tenants. Her heart was broken when her husband had such vile suspicions about her. She couldn't bear being deeply affectionate with him while his

mind was in that state. To a woman that makes sense; to him it seemed utter nonsense and proof of infidelity.

Such cases aren't unusual; any marriage counselor deals with them daily. It seems almost unbelievable that adults can be so childish. Men skilled in public relations, clever about knowing how to treat women in business, will fail at home to see why wives act like women.

Men will often completely misinterpret a woman's desire for attention, flattery, and tender consideration. They'll forget or ignore the kind word, the loving remembrance of an important date, the kindly and comforting caress, and then be amazed at the almost disastrous results brought on by forgetting that women are womanly.



Clarified

SOMEONE had wired a government bureau asking whether hydrochloric acid could be used to clean a given type of boiler tube. The answer was: "Uncertainties of reactive processes make use of hydrochloric acid undesirable where alkalinity is involved."

The inquirer wrote back, thanking the bureau for the advice, saying that he would use hydrochloric acid. The bureau wired him: "Regrettable decision involves uncertainties. Hydrochloric will produce submuriate invalidating reactions."

Again the man wrote thanking them for their advice, saying that he was glad to know that hydrochloric acid was all right. This time the bureau wired in plain English.

"Hydrochloric acid," said the telegram, "will eat hell out of your tubes."

The Kablegram (Oct. '46).

• Lonely Lepers •

By ROSELLA MATTMUELLER

NUNS in Living Suicide by Contact With Leprosy," read the lurid headlines which startled the readers of the New York *Sunday Mirror* (Oct. 8, 1944) when six Franciscan missionaries left for Australia to work in a leprosarium.

Mother Malcagy, superior of the missionaries, smiled, "It does make sensational reading, doesn't it? But actually they are in less danger than if they were working among tuberculosis patients. Our Sisters have been caring for leprosy patients for over 50 years, and in that time they have handled some 5,000 or 6,000 cases. There has been only one victim of the disease in all that time."

No major disease is more grossly misunderstood by the general public, nor creates a greater horror than does leprosy. The deep-rooted superstitions and fear clinging to it are due largely to the Biblical association of the name.

In the Book of Leviticus one reads, "Whosoever shall be defiled with the leprosy . . . shall have his clothes hanging loose, and his head bare, his mouth covered with a cloth, and he shall cry out that he is defiled and unclean. All the time that he is a leper and unclean, he shall dwell alone without the camp."

While it is true that most persons know of leprosy only through its asso-

ciation with the Bible, many doctors who have studied the 13th and 14th chapters of Leviticus doubt whether the old chronicles were actually describing what is now known as leprosy. Others have expressed the belief that the stigma attached to the disease is due not to the Bible, but to man's interpretation of it.

Because of the unreasoning fear associated with the word *leprosy*, a concerted effort is being made to change the name to Hansen's disease, after Dr. Gerhard A. Hansen, noted Norwegian scientist who discovered the germ in the early 80's. At that time tuberculosis was put in the same class with leprosy. Everyone was frightened by a consumptive, but education and a new name changed the public's attitude.

The nation-wide publicity that broke when Major G. H. Hornbostel calmly announced that his wife had leprosy, and that he would accompany her to the Carville, La., leprosarium, brought to light appalling ignorance on the part of the public about this disease. Many persons had no idea that there was a leprosarium in this country. Carlton E. Morse, author of "I Love a Mystery," radio show, wrote in answer to a protest from Carville about an erroneous statement about leprosy on one of his shows, "In my

ignorance I supposed there was no such thing in the U. S. as leprosy, and I was quite shocked and sorry to learn that there not only were such patients, but also a hospital for them. This demonstrates again that ignorance is probably the greatest tool of evil in the world."

A well-known woman author wrote that she was shocked to learn that a patient could be discharged from Carville. She had thought that once committed there, a patient was "in for life."

In the past little or no effort has been made to educate the public on the subject of leprosy as has been done for tuberculosis and venereal diseases, and therein lies a tragedy, for leprosy is only mildly contagious. There are no cases on record where it has been contracted through a casual touch or association. It requires an intimate and repeated contact with an open case, and this in unfavorable conditions involving poverty, ignorance, poor food, and many other factors. Those most susceptible are children. In fact it is almost a "children's disease," for according to Dr. Robert Cochrane, the great leprosy expert of India, 75% of all cases are picked up between the ages of 5 and 15. He believes that if children can be kept from contacting open cases, the disease will gradually die out.

"The public must be educated," said Dr. G. H. Faget, medical chief at Carville. "First, they must be taught that leprosy is only mildly contagious. They must be taught that it is not inherited

as so many believe, nor is it an unclean disease. It is a germ disease, and if caught early enough there is every hope of a cure."

Although far from a hopeless disease, it is hard to diagnose in the early stages, and is often mistaken for syphilis. Repeated attempts to reproduce the disease in animals have failed, which greatly handicaps research. However, in combating it great results have been obtained from the use of three sulfa drugs: promin, diasone, and promizole. If treated early enough with these, patients improve fairly rapidly and many cases have been arrested entirely, with the happy result that 37 patients were discharged from Carville last year.

Many patients could safely remain at home under proper medical care. The experts on leprosy are hoping to see the day when hospitals for these patients will be on a par with those for tuberculosis patients, where they will be free to come and go and be treated like any other sick.

"When that time comes," says Dr. Eugene Kellerberger, world authority on tropical diseases, "those having the disease will come voluntarily for treatment. They will then learn the true nature of the disease and be helped themselves, and keep others from getting it."

It is estimated that there are 3,000 to 5,000 cases in the U. S. (fewer than 400 are in Carville) who are either unaware they have the disease or are concealing it because of the centuries-old stigma attached to it, and the fear

that they will be forever separated from their families. Then when such cases do come to light they are in the advanced stages, making them much harder to arrest. And too, in trying to hide their disease, such persons are by constant association endangering other members of the family, especially the children.

Among leading authorities who agree with Dr. Kellerberger that patients should be free to come and go for treatment is Dr. José N. Rodrique of the Leprosy Section of the Philippines. In Cebu his patients come for treatments to the Cebu Skin Dispensary or to the Eversley Child's Treatment Station. He never uses the word *leprosy* but rather Hansen's disease. The symptoms of the disease are explained to relatives of the patients, and they are told to come in and see him at once if such symptoms appear on their own bodies. He promises them there will be no segregation if they come early enough.

On a special visit to Carville last year he said, "To treat this disease one needs more than injections. Because I know this, I go to their homes, eat at their tables, go fishing with them. I am their friend and counselor."

In Brazil there are 29 leprosariums, all under government control. They have an estimated 22,000 patients, most of whom applied voluntarily for admission. After a patient is diagnosed, his case is considered individually. If he is of the neural type he is not segregated, but he is required to go to a dispensary for regular treatment, and

his family must undergo periodic examinations. If he is of the lepromatous type and can observe the sanitary regulations, he may remain at home; otherwise he is sent to a leprosarium.

In 1930 President Vargas began a nation-wide program to combat leprosy, and since that time the government has spent more than \$5 million to improve not only the public's but the patient's attitude toward the disease.

In our own country, the National Advisory Council on Leprosy urges that physicians be educated so that they may more readily recognize the early symptoms of the disease. Patients must be instructed that the disease is not a stigma on themselves or their families; that they should not feel ashamed to present themselves for proper treatment. The public must learn that it is not an easily communicable disease and that there is very little danger for adults who come in casual contact with it. They must be taught that it is not an unclean disease, but that it is a germ disease similar to tuberculosis, but much less contagious. And it should be stressed that there are remedies which can and do suppress it.

To dispel the horror linked with this ancient disease, it is necessary to spend only a few hours at Carville, located in an unhealthy swamp on the Mississippi river, 75 miles north of New Orleans. It was first established in 1894 and was called the Louisiana Leper Colony. The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul were asked to take charge of it and they have served as

nurses continuously since then. In 1921 the federal government took it over and it became the United States Marine hospital, but it is more commonly known as the Carville leprosarium.

Although the government provides liberally for the patients' needs, giving the very best in medical and surgical attention, and a wide recreational and educational program, it cannot spend one cent for the patients' spiritual well-being. The Catholic chapel, a gem of Romanesque architecture, was built chiefly through donations secured by the Catholic Church Extension society. The Protestant chapel was built by the American Mission to Lepers.

The professional staff at Carville consists of six doctors, one dentist, 21 Sisters, including 17 registered nurses, one graduate dietitian, one graduate pharmacist, one bacteriologist, and one clinical clerk and notary public. The institution is self-sustaining, with electric-power plant, ice factory, refrigeration storage, hot and cold running water to all buildings, modern theater, private houses, laundries, a fire truck, a dairy, and truck gardens. There are 350 acres of grounds and paved roads throughout the reservation.

Visitors are allowed and no special precautions are used to guard against infection. Most of the patients bear no mark of their disease and are free to move about as they please. They play golf, go bicycle riding, give dances and amateur theatricals. In short, they are like any other human beings, although they have never been treated as such by the public. Until recently they were

even disfranchised by Louisiana law. A renewed campaign, led by Major Hornbostel, resulted in the passage of a constitutional amendment giving them their rights as American citizens.

The stigma is far more damaging than the disease. Even after a patient has been pronounced cured and discharged from the hospital the stigma still clings to him like a leech. He is still feared and shunned by the public. An ex-convict often has a chance to come back and make good regardless of the wrongs he may have committed. But not so the honest citizen who unfortunately has had a disease called leprosy. He gets a job, does his work well, gets a promotion. Then someone reports to his employer that he has had leprosy and he is immediately discharged.

Take the case of Joe. After three years' treatment at Carville he was released. He returned to the West Indies where he had worked before, got a job on one of the government trains. He did his work well and was promoted. The world looked fine. Then one day someone reported his case to the general manager, and he was immediately discharged. He got another job as a chauffeur, again his case was reported and again he lost his job. His next job was as a salesman for a wholesale house. The day after he was highly complimented on his ability and promised a promotion, he called at the office of his employer who quickly slammed the door in his face, shouting that he would mail what money he had coming to him. He had been reported for

the third time. That night Joe hanged himself.

In India a discharged patient obtained a position as instructor of English in a small college. Two months later he received a letter stating that it had been brought to the attention of the faculty that he had been in a leprosarium; therefore they could no longer retain him. He wrote to the dean offering to show him his medical certificate. This gentleman replied that while he was willing to keep him on, the stu-

dents were aware of the facts and had threatened to withdraw en masse.

And so it goes. The truth fights hard against ancient superstitions to set these people free. The world requires enlightenment not only from scientific quarters but from religious leaders as well.

"Set us free," lepers cry in despair. "Why cure us if we are never permitted to leave the prison of public abhorrence? Are we always to be the lonely ones of the earth?"



Correspondence

IT WOULD be a precious gift if you would mail the Braille edition to Sister Mary, who is losing her sight and hopes to receive the book gratis.

Letter from a New York nun in the May, 1947, CATHOLIC DIGEST.

Dear Sister Mary: I have mailed \$10 for you to receive the CATHOLIC DIGEST. I will send it to you every year. This is a little gift I offer to God, as He was so kind as to bring my son home to me from this terrible war, even though he is 95% disabled.

Although you are losing your sight, you have the greatest sight in your heart; you know and love God. So many people have their eyesight, and are so blind; they don't even believe in God. We must pray and sacrifice for them.

My husband's eyes have been strained from the tedious work he has done; one eye was injured, and the scar is spreading—please remember us in your prayers, as you are one of God's loved ones. I am not alone; many, many mothers have suffered like me, but I think of our blessed Mother at Calvary, and her strength guides me every day.

Mrs. L, Cincinnati, O.

Dear Editor: The enclosed letter and card will explain why I am returning the CATHOLIC DIGEST Braille editions to you. . . .

Letter from Sister Mary to the CATHOLIC DIGEST.

Dear Sister: Received your letter with the wonderful news—restoration of your eyesight. How good God is! I had tears of joy in my eyes when I read your letter. If you know of someone who needs those Braille DIGESTS, forward them, or tell the CATHOLIC DIGEST I said to send them to another who is blind.

Card from Mrs. L to Sister Mary.

The castle is a dangerous place

Watch Your Step!

By HAROLD HELFER



STANLEY J. BONNER, of Houston, Tex., went out into his back yard to shoot a domestic duck for dinner. The duck leaped at Mr. Bonner, jarring his arm and causing the gun to go off. The bullet hit Mr. Bonner in the knee. The duck is still alive and frisky.

Mrs. Axel Soder, of Makinen, Minn., searching around the house for a substitute pin for her sewing machine, found something she thought was just the thing. She sawed off the end of it and started to hammer it into the machine. She might have done it, too, if the substitute pin hadn't exploded and blown her clear across the room. She had selected a stick of dynamite.

Ray Harrigan, Portland, Ore., doing a jitterbug step in his home with a toothpick in his mouth, ended up in a hospital with an intestinal perforation.

Frank Chlan, of Baltimore, gave his mom a hug so big it snapped several of her ribs.

Now maybe you'll get a chuckle out of reading this but if you'd been Mr. Bonner or Mrs. Soder or Mr. Harrigan or Mrs. Chlan you wouldn't have thought it was so funny. A wounded knee, a shaken-up body, a torn intestine, and broken ribs can be mighty painful and downright inconvenient.

But even if you chose to regard them

seriously it wouldn't be so bad if these were isolated cases. They aren't. The total home accidents last year amounted to 4,800,000! Of this number approximately 130,000 resulted in some permanent disability.

Yep, a man's home may be his castle, but it is a castle fraught with peril. Not only is the loss of life and the suffering appalling but the cost of home accidents in a year in wage loss and medical expense, according to the Red Cross, amounts to approximately \$600 million.

There have been all kinds of surveys made in an attempt to arrive at a solution for preventing these accidents. One, for instance, breaks down the number of accidents in each section of the home on the basis of the following percentages: the yard, 18.9; kitchen, 17.9; outside stairs, 12.9; inside stairs, 10; living room, 8.5; porch, 7.2; bedroom, 7.1; basement, 5.7; dining room, 3.1; bathroom, 2.7; hall, 2; garage and shed, 1.8; elsewhere, 2.2.

Another survey showed that of some 4,500 home-accident cases that resulted in persons being taken to the Cook County, Ill., hospital, 2,910 were caused by falls (1,029 on stairs, 93 getting in and out of bed, 285 on floors, 83 on rugs, 257 in the yard, 173 from chairs and tables, 123 from windows, 128 from ladders and scaffolds, 66 from

fences, 673 from miscellaneous places); 71 from stepping on nails or splinters; 149 from stepping on needles; 19 from being bitten by animals; 56 from getting hands caught in washing wringers; 77 from food poisoning; 391 from burns in scalding water; 24 from suffocation; 38 from firearms; 150 from cuts or scratches.

Still another survey showed that persons 65 years and older accounted for 55% of the home fatalities while children under five years accounted for 18%. And another study revealed that most of the home accidents occurred on Saturday and Monday but that the most severe ones took place on Sunday. The chief accident hours, incidentally, were those just preceding meals.

So what have we? Be especially careful if you're over 65 or under 5, but you'd better be careful if you're somewhere in between because you make up 27% of the total accident cases, and that's no small amount. Be especially careful Saturday, Sunday and Monday, but obviously it would be just as painful if you broke your neck falling down a flight of steps on Wednesday.

Be especially watchful for falls, but also be on the lookout for nails and splinters, scalding water, and washing wringers. Be especially careful of the yard, kitchen, living room, porch, bedroom and basement, but don't forget that the dining room, bathroom and hall have their percentage of hazards.

The Red Cross is recognizing the danger in the home by holding an increasing number of classes throughout the land teaching people safety.

The people are taught: 1. do not leave brooms and mops and roller skates on top of stairways; 2. board should be securely fastened before beginning to iron; 3. reglue or renail chairs whenever there is a loose rung; 4. keep kerosene bottles and cans away from hot stoves.

Elementary? Sure. But if everybody did all these little things, many thousands of lives would be saved a year.

James Hern, Seattle, forgetting the elementary precaution that you shouldn't lean too far over from high places, fell three stories down an air shaft and landed cozily in an easy chair.

But maybe you won't be so lucky.



Did Cash Register?

AND have you heard about the moron who swallowed five pennies and then asked people whether they noticed any change in him?

Francis Davitt in the *Melbourne Advocate* (30 April '47).

Mmmm!

Good Food

By MRS. RALPH BORSODI

Condensed from *Land and Home**

You have tasted a sun-ripened tomato fresh from the vine. It has a flavor that no anemic tomato picked green and shipped hundreds of miles could ever approach. Perhaps you have tasted fresh sweet corn just picked from the stalk and dropped in boiling water. What flavor! Nothing which has waited long hours or days in a vegetable market for you to purchase can ever be pepped up even by a good cook to represent the real thing. But if you have ever eaten fresh whole wheat bread, with freshly ground flour, nothing but fresh milk, butter and honey for ingredients, you will wonder why you ever thought you could eat a bit of white cotton and call it bread.

Assuming that the food is good, and that you have plenty of it, what about a cook?

A good cook is sensitive to flavors, for flavor is the soul of good food. She knows when she has overcooked cauliflower, for instance, for the sulphur smell and taste rise right out of the pot. No amount of sauce makes that overcooked cauliflower taste as the vegetable does when it has been cooked just the right length of time and comes out of the pot just at the right moment,

to be served at once with a light butter sauce. All the members of the cabbage family present this same problem: they must not be overcooked. Cabbage, broccoli, Brussels sprouts, and all of the leafy green vegetables could be included. Cook them gently, or not at all.

The potato deserves to be classed by itself. The American baked potato can be something superb, providing it is baked at a high temperature and not too long. Take a knife and cut a short cross in its middle, and then push gently from both ends. If it bursts high and fluffy, it is perfect and is ready for a big lump of butter. But when potatoes are peeled and boiled and the water thrown down the sink, you have lost their flavor and no amount of mashing with butter, pepper and salt can bring it back. But on the other hand if the potato is boiled in its skin and only the thin outer skin is peeled off after it is cooked, you may mash it with every reason to believe that you have retained the flavor. If you must have potatoes some of the hundred different other ways, make up your mind that you are going to sacrifice some of the good elements and flavor.

Meat, fish, eggs, fowl, and all such

*3801 Grand Ave., Des Moines, 12, Iowa. June, 1947.

protein foods really belong at the top of the list, because if they are not cooked with great skill, the whole meal is ruined. Here again a sensitivity to the right temperature for cooking and to the right length of time is paramount. If you do not believe this, try cooking an egg at high temperature, just as fast as you can. Then try an egg at a low temperature and slowly permit the white to congeal. Note how hard and tough the albumin is in the high-temperature one, and how delicate the texture and flavor of the low-temperature one. The same thing holds true of all the albumin foods: beef, lamb, chicken, and fish. There is nothing lovelier than fresh fish broiled at just the right temperature for just the right length of time, and in its skin; not a fillet, which has been stripped of its skin and bones. The skin and bones of a fish lend flavor and retain elements in the fish which our bodies need for health; and furthermore, broiled with its skin and bones, it comes to the table moist and tasty, requiring no highly flavored sauce, but rather only a touch of lemon. The same holds true of chicken when cooked with its bones and skin. I would go further and say that even when a chicken is boiled it should be left whole, rather than cut up. If it is an old hen, and you wish to add flavor, try making an herb paste and rub it on the inside of the bird, and between the skin and flesh. Then sew it up carefully and boil gently. There will be a flavor that your family will romance over for days. Always keep it in a tight pot and just simmer;

do not boil it hard and let the steam rush out of the top in a badly fitting lid.

"Who would not give all else for two pennyworth of beautiful soup?" sang the Mock Turtle, and one need not apologize for soup. Whether one take it seriously, as did the Mock Turtle, and count on it for an entire meal, or whether it is merely a beginning to the dinner, it can be a work of art and worthy of great devotion. The sturdy soup meal is known by the Italian as *minestrone*; in nearly every country there is some such all-purpose soup with enough elements in it to support one on a cold, stormy day. Some friends who lived in the south of France for a time maintain that in the most remote small restaurant or private household one could arrive unexpectedly and hungry to find soup that could revive anyone. If the soup were not all ready to serve, then even the peasant household could find the ingredients for a substantial onion soup, for instance, a soup which one would long remember for both flavor and life-giving elements. It was not born in a tin can nor did any part of it come from a can, but rather from fresh vegetables and fresh stock. The vegetables and the meat for stock are not necessarily the waste products of our meals; for often they can be made of the coarse parts which one does not fit into a salad or vegetable dish, plus a well-selected list of fresh vegetables: string beans, green peas (not leftover canned ones), the tops of green onions, garlic, parsley, a large potato, or any

carefully planned group of seasonal fresh vegetables. These are all cut into fine bits and cooked gently. To this may be added a fitting group of herbs, fresh from your own herb garden. And last add a good soup stock with plenty of finely cut meat, or dried beans thoroughly cooked and put through a sieve. When the soup is piping hot and ready to serve, add to each plate a generous sprinkling of grated cheese and garliclicked toast. Could one want more for a meal than a bit of fruit or salad and something to drink?

The soup which is a prelude to the dinner should be no more than broth. But it should be a broth with a come-hither flavor. This may be made from a real piece of boiling meat to which has been added a well-selected list of herbs such as thyme, marjoram, parsley, bay leaf, garlic, onion, celery. Or it may be a chicken broth, or vegetable broth, but always with good fresh vegetables and fresh herbs.

Excellent books have been written about herb cookery and many more will be written. But really to learn the secret of cooking with herbs you must experiment with them. You must learn

the fragrance and flavor of each tiny leaf and be able to use herb combinations deftly as well. You cannot arrive at this quickly; it must become a part of your expertness in cooking. And furthermore, you cannot experience the real joy of herb flavors without an herb garden of your own. I have one close to the kitchen door, and it is but a few steps to cut just the right amount and the right combination for that magic flavor that the herb gives.

Above all let there be romance in your cookery. Webster says that romance is "showing ingenious or imaginative fancy," which is necessary to good cooking. Further, a good cook is always seeking new truths about her art. She is not satisfied that her last soup or loaf of bread was the most perfect she could make, but rather seeks more knowledge of what makes for good food, or flavor, or the best nourishment she can serve her family; for in her hands lies their health. And don't forget that the best food comes from fresh food; not from tin cans, nor packages, nor any form of embalming which kills the vital elements in fresh, natural foods.



Expression Impression

A COLLEGE professor asked Alexander Kerensky, the Russian, the following question: "What was the thing in America which impressed you most when you first came here?"

"That's easy," Kerensky answered. "In America the people smile."

The Silver Lining, quoted in the Stillwater, Minn., *Prison Mirror* (26 June '47).

Blood on the Totem Pole

By FRED J. OSTLER

Condensed from *Travel**

MOTIONLESS as a stone in deep grass, the Indian chief Hladerh peered down the barrel of his rifle. When the figure of a man was trapped squarely between the sights, he squeezed the trigger.

Without a sound his victim sagged to the forest floor and lay still. But the victim, an Indian called Sispegoot, was not dead. As consciousness returned with fierce, stabbing pain, he stirred. Then with agonizing slowness he made his way back to his lodge—but not to safety. Shortly afterward he was brutally murdered: Hladerh did not fail a second time.

Thus death ended a notorious feud of the Northwest Indians. Yet the murder seemed not only cold-blooded, but senseless. Sispegoot had not stolen Hladerh's wife; he had not picked his traps. Yet to Hladerh his offense was equally grave. He had boasted he would erect a totem pole higher than Hladerh's.

Such, 75 years ago, was the power and prestige locked in the bold, picturesque figures of the totem pole. And overshadowing Sispegoot's death is a figure of a



white man. For it is a curious fact that the white man accidentally stimulated a wild growth of the totem pole that led to feuding. Then he tried to discourage the making of totem poles. Now, ironically, he is doing his best to preserve the totem poles that still exist.

Despite their grotesque, age-old appearance, totem poles are relatively young. Nor were they revered as gods nor worshiped as idols. The rise of the totem pole began a mere 200 years ago among the Indians of the rugged Northwest country, Canada, Alaska, and British Columbia. Here, among Tsimshian, Tlingit, and Kwakiutl tribes, the totem poles first stood erect above the land of their creators.

The word totem derives from *wuhtohtimoin*, an Indian word meaning "that to which a person belongs." It was to the Indian what a coat-of-arms is to the white man. It stood as a proud badge of rank, a symbol of high social standing. And because carving and erecting a totem pole was tremendously expensive, it was a prerogative only of the tribal chiefs. Before the white man's

*200 E. 37th St., New York City, 16. June, 1947.

coming, the totem pole was a colorful, superbly carved pillar flung against the sky so that all might know: here is the lodge of the leader.

The white man revolutionized native customs. Indians were hired as laborers and soon found themselves for the first time in their lives richer than they ever dreamed. Beginning about 1850 a kind of madness swept over them. They hoarded their wages for one purpose: to build a totem pole like their chiefs. Families of young and old sweated and slaved. Wives, sisters and mothers helped to swell the totem funds. It was a fantastic, feverish scramble to keep up with the Joneses, to boast of erecting the most elaborate pole.

The chiefs saw their respected symbol of prestige cheapened by the poles of the newly rich. Anger flared into violence. Socially ambitious Indians were humiliated by having their too tall poles lopped off. (From this, by the way, we may derive the expression, "to cut a man down to his size.")

It was about this time that Sispegoot had invited death by his boasting. Disregarding grim warnings, he had selected a tree of red cedar, the most durable wood for totem poles. Then he hired a carver, who in great secrecy carved the design he selected. This skilled craftsmanship was expensive; \$250 in blankets was demanded for work on a 30-foot pole. This was nothing—some carvers took years and thousands of dollars from their patrons. Then a gay coat of black, red and apple-green paint, carefully blend-

ed with salmon-egg oil, and the deed was almost done.

Now to invite the leading families of the tribes to help erect the pole. There would be much dancing, great feasting. And Sispegoot would present each well-fed guest with a gift. Without this gala ceremony it was impossible for an Indian to receive the coveted prestige of having a beautifully carved new totem pole. But Sispegoot, as others before him, did not live to see his day of glory.

Yet neither threats nor violence halted the rise of the totem pole. Blood spilled by rival chiefs has given us some of the most beautiful poles on the Northwest coast. Where one had stood before, etched in lonely grandeur against the sky, there appeared clusters of five, ten, and even as many as 30 poles.

Various types sprang up. The ridicule pole was carved to shame a neighbor into paying a debt; the ashes of the deceased were placed in a box on the mortuary pole, and later interred at its base; the memorial pole was raised to commemorate an important event.

Alaska is the home of the world's outstanding memorial pole. Fifty feet high, it is crowned with the figure of a bearded white man wearing a top hat. It has a unique history. Soon after U. S. purchase of Alaska in 1867, the commander of a revenue cutter patrolling Alaskan waters encountered a flotilla of canoes jammed with frightened Indians. They were the Raven clan; threatened with slavery by the

powerful Eagle tribe, they were fleeing to a new home.

The commander reassured them. "The U. S. owns Alaska now," he explained. "Our President rules that no man can be held a slave."

Later, in their new home, the Ravens anxiously awaited an Eagle invasion. None came. The white man was right; now they could live in peace and freedom. In gratitude Chief Ebbets announced to his people, "Let Tleda, who speaks with his chisel, carve a memorial to this man who freed us."

Soon there arose a towering monument in cedar, whereon perched the top-hatted figure of Abraham Lincoln, one of the few U. S. presidents so honored.

On other elaborate poles, some soaring 70 and 80 feet high, the Indians carved their legends and stories. For many, though not all, totem poles tell a story. The Northwest Indians had neither books nor stone tablets. They used what was at hand, wood. The totem pole was their history, folk lore, literature.

A totem pole can be read, but it is tricky work. Start at the top and read down, through the interlocked figures of whales, bears, ravens, wolves, and eagles. But remember, the tribal symbols are only memory devices to remind you of a story you presumably already know. To read the primitive-looking totem pole demands not only a broad knowledge of tribal history but a background of Indian legends, myths, and religion. To make it even more puzzling, there may be more

than one story on a pole. And there is no way of knowing where one ends and the other begins.

For more than 40 years the totem pole flourished. Then as abruptly as it bloomed, it withered and died. Missionaries saw the totem poles as pagan gods that must be destroyed. As they gained converts the poles were chopped down and burned. Meanwhile, the white man's great salmon canneries had expanded, absorbing Indian labor. There was less time for the old crafts. Old social customs were forgotten. New towns sprang up in which the totem pole seemed incongruous.

Dry rot attacked the poles left standing. The white man had condemned them; the Indian didn't care. For, once he erected a pole he never bothered to repair it. If he did he was bound by ritual to repeat the costly ceremony of feasting and distributing gifts. Buffeted by wind and rain, hundreds of poles leaned and fell.

The totem pole was becoming extinct when the men of the U. S. Forest Service stepped in. Pointing out that this native sculpture, if once lost, would never rise again, they pleaded for funds to repair and restore the remaining poles. In 1910, President William H. Taft created the Sitka National Monument to preserve the totem clusters in Alaska. Other totem parks were established. But not until 1938 was a full-scale \$170,000 totem restoration program begun.

Perhaps the most famous restoration concerned a totem pole that stood, not in a quiet forest wilderness, but close

by noisy city streets in Seattle, Wash. Brought to Seattle during gold-rush days, this 60-foot pole had become a Seattle landmark. When dry rot threatened to topple their favorite memorial after 40 years, the Seattle city fathers shouted for help. Help came, but too late to save the pole. Instead, the Forest Service went one better. They removed the pole from Seattle and had an exact duplicate made, by descendants of the Indians who had carved the original. And because of a quirk of law, the totem pole looking down on Seattle today is probably the only one in existence that called for a special Act of Congress to transfer it from

the Forest Service back to Seattle.

Another memorable job was done in 1940 on the historic Abraham Lincoln pole. It began showing its age, after standing about 70 years, and was given an honorable discharge. A replica was made, and a new, top-hatted figure of Lincoln now reaches into the sky over Totem Park in Saxman, Alaska.

Today the carving of totem poles belongs to the past. Yet thanks to the U. S. Forest Service, in the museums and parks of America there stand colorful specimens of this remarkable native art, rich in symbolism, and marked by a blood-stained history.



Great Expectations

For the Good

As a matter of policy all seniors at Marygrove college must register with the placement bureau whether they wish to avail themselves of its service or not. On a card turned in this year by a charming and vivacious girl was a heart-warming yet surprising answer that reflected her knowledge of life's true values. The student wrote after *Salary expected*, "A hundredfold in this world and life everlasting in the next." She is choosing the field where she should receive it, for she is entering the convent.

Mary Louise Gitre.

For the Wicked

If I WERE making a list of bad-language words no Christian should use, I wouldn't bother much about a lot of little "swears" that are more stupid than wicked. I should blacklist some poisonous words that really do blaspheme the Gospel. And high up on the list would be *hopeless*. For when we use that word about any situation or person, with a flat finality that slams the door, we deny the God of hope. When we say, "It's quite hopeless" or "He's quite hopeless," we have ceased to believe the Christian Gospel.

Rev. David Read of Edinburgh, Scotland, in *Current Religious Thought* (May '47).

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us. If you wish to order direct from publisher, addresses given are adequate.]

Cahalane, Victor H. *MAMMALS OF NORTH AMERICA; with drawings by Francis L. Jaquet.* New York: Macmillan. 682 pp., illus. \$7.50. Appearance, habits, food and habitat of non-domestic animals north of Mexico, from the field mouse to the elk and grizzly bear. A book of general but accurate information.

Dalrymple, Byron W. *PANFISH: the Art and Enjoyment of Light-Tackle Fishing for the Common Fishes of the U. S.* New York: Whittlesey House. 398 pp., illus. \$4.50. Flyrod fishing with live or artificial bait for perch, sunfish, bullheads, crappies and even minnows. New dignity and new wrinkles to an old art.

Hambly, Wilfrid D. *CLEVER HANDS OF THE AFRICAN NEGRO.* Washington, D. C.: Associated Publishers. 192 pp., illus. \$2.65. Native arts of the villages of modern Africa: metalworking, wood carving, pottery, leather and weaving. Well illustrated, and in simple language for the young reader.

Lewis, C. S. *THE ABOLITION OF MAN.* New York: Macmillan. 61 pp. \$1.25. The dangers of explaining away, by apparent parallels in subrational nature, of the typical moral endowments of man. Made master of the world by science, he has only emotion left to rule himself.

Martin, Brother David, C.S.C., editor. *CATHOLIC LIBRARY PRACTICE.* Portland, Ore.: University of Portland Press. 244 pp. \$2.25. Essays on norms which should govern the selection, cataloging and availability of books in libraries for Catholic schools, colleges and adult groups, and on the rapidly growing field of librarianship as a profession.

Noyes, Alfred. *HORACE: A PORTRAIT. (Great Writers of the World.)* New York: Sheed & Ward. 292 pp. \$3.50. A modern poet's enthusiastic appreciation of the life, character, and art of the polished and human singer of ancient Rome.

Peck, Anne Merriman. *THE PAGEANT OF MIDDLE AMERICAN HISTORY.* New York: Longmans. 496 pp. \$4. Past events and present conditions of the countries of Central America from Panama to Mexico. Entertaining presentation.

Powers, J. F. *PRINCE OF DARKNESS AND OTHER STORIES.* Garden City: Doubleday. 277 pp. \$2.75. Well-told tales by a new author who gets inside his characters and has a warm feeling for them.

Walsh, William Thomas. *OUR LADY OF FATIMA.* New York: Macmillan. 227 pp. \$2.75. The author of *Saint Teresa of Avila* and *Isabella of Spain* turns to a more recent Iberian theme, the apparitions of the blessed Virgin to three children at Fátima, Portugal, in 1917. Source of a prayer crusade to bring Russia back to the household of Christ.

Ward, Justine. *THOMAS EDWARD SHIELDS: Biologist, Psychologist, Educator.* New York: Scribner. 309 pp. \$3.50. Life of the priest who reformed educational methods in American Catholic schools and provided advanced training for teachers. A self-made scholar who in youth had himself been the victim of bad educational technique.



A MILLION

FREQUENTLY in the sixteen years of our editors, have been advised that the *Catholic Digest* was too highbrow. Our advisers said it would never get a national circulation because it was too difficult to read. They said that Catholics had not been trained to read and therefore the *Catholic Digest* would be a great failure. They said sometimes that we should make it "popular," include light fiction, and never publish articles of more than a few pages.

We didn't follow that advice. We went ahead in the belief that Catholics of the U. S. were ready to read a magazine which compliments their intelligence. We reasoned that Catholics were ready to take their place in the world. We figured that even if it was perhaps defensibly intelligent to be an atheist, it was no longer defensibly intelligent to be a Christian who is not a Catholic. We were sure that both Catholics and non-Catholics wished to think clearly and unimpressionably about religion.

So we went ahead and gave you a thoughtful, intelligent picture of world thought.

What happened? This morning one of your editors says, "You have the smartest magazine on the market." Many people must think that, because circulation in the U. S. has grown steadily through the years. It continues to grow. It hasn't reached a million yet—not by a long yet—but the circulation looking through a telescope, can see a million in the future.

We are content to believe that Catholics in the U. S. have grown up.

Meanwhile, foreign countries have asked for editions. England, France, and Holland have established them. And in the near future we hope to have some extremely interesting announcements for you about Germany, Italy, Spain, and Japan.

Viewing such good results, we, the editors, sincerely congratulate you, the readers, who have confirmed our high opinion of you.